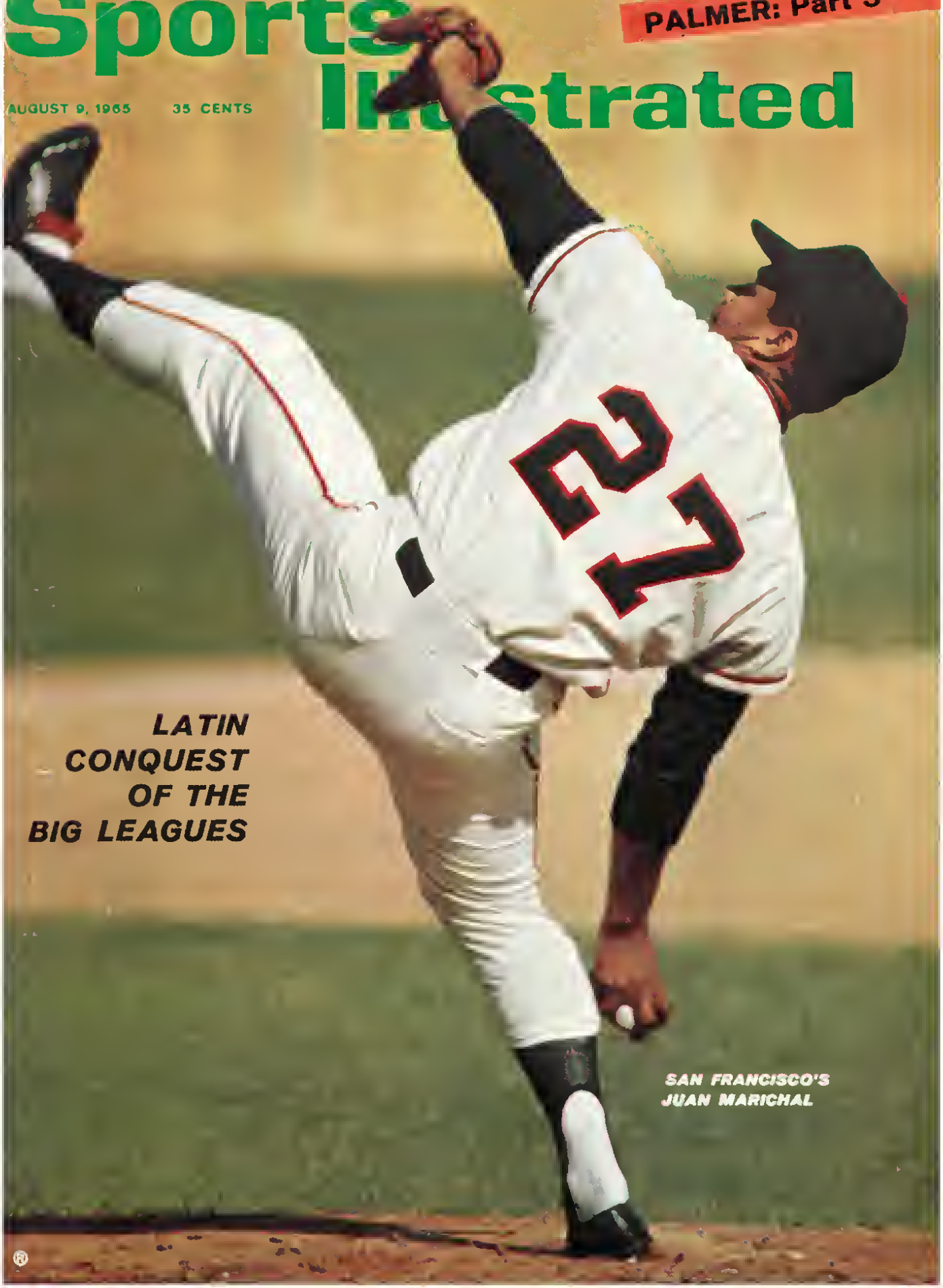
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 9, 1965 35 CENTS

PALMER: Part 3



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Ronrico is lighter than any rum you ever tasted. In fact, it's Puerto Rico's lightest. Yet it gives you all the flavor you could ask for. Puts an entirely new light on the daiquiri. Delicioso!

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TOP QUALITY FOR 50 YEARS

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You'd have to be some kind of o cor sleuth to know that concealed underneath the Karmann Ghia's beautiful exterior is the heart of o Volkswagen.

The Ghia's chassis and the 4-speed synchromesh transmission are the same as the regulor Volkswagen's.

Behind every Ghia is one of our famous won't-boil-over-or-freeze-up engines.

You also get VW's big 15-inch wheels; the very ones that help VW bugs rock up 40,000 and more miles on a set of tires.

The Ghia's torsion bar suspension is all Volkswagen, too. Not to mention the traction ond gas-ond-oil economy and low insuronce and parts ond service, etc.

What aren't typicolly Volkswagen are the Ghio's sleek lines, the handwrought body, the noble Roman nose.

If you're one of those people who admire everything about the VW except the way it looks, why not consider driving oround in o beautiful disguise?

Contents

AUGUST 9, 1965 *Volume 23, No. 6*

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

14 The Revolt of the Pros

Not happy at all, players on the tour are girding for an entirely new look—run by and for them and *for the public*

18 An Understudy Takes Charge

Arthur Ashe, a supporting player at the start of the Davis Cup play against Mexico, ended up in the hero's role

20 A Dry Silence in the Northeast

City dwellers are shouting about the five-year drought, while in the woodlands there is a parched and ghostly quiet

24 Latins in las Grandes Ligas

Once upon a time there were a few Cubans in U.S. beisbol. Now the conquistadores are legion

32 Seeing Through Some Dirty Lies

Arnold Palmer gets you out of everything from swampland to roadbeds as he concludes his series on trouble shots

42 A Beach House Made of Sandwiches

These are insulating aluminum sandwiches, and the house they have built provides a new kind of seaside luxury

52 The Happiest Bettor in Blighty

That's John Mort Green, who probes the skulduggery of English racing with cheerful cunning—and wins

The departments

8 Scorecard
40 People
46 Pro Football
50 Bridge
65 Baseball's Week
66 For the Record
67 19th Hole

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Credits on page 66

Next week

Y. A. TITTLE begins the story of his life in professional football—a great passer's candid reflections on the joys and frustrations, the challenges and conflicts in a turbulent career.

GOING HOME AGAIN. Jim Brosnan, top relief pitcher of the 1961 Cincinnati Reds, visits his former teammates to renew old friendships and analyze the Reds' chances in 1965.

NOSTALGIC GOLF is a game for Everyman. But there was a special quality—aromatic, you could say—to the low jinks at Goat Hills course in Texas, fondly recalled by Dan Jenkins.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Joe Bellino, the old Navy hero and Heisman Trophy winner, is fighting for a starting position with the Boston Patriots. John Underwood, who last week saw the small, hard-muscled ex-Middie in a rookie game also featuring Joe Namath, writes in this issue (*page 46*) that Bellino could be a rare kind of athlete—the service academy star who makes it big in pro football.

Interesting enough—but, beyond its inherent interest, this story has a special significance. It is the first in a long line of articles, a kickoff. From now until mid-January, there will be at least one story about pro football in every issue of this magazine.

You would think interest in pro football could not increase, but it does. This is the biggest year yet—a year of $400,000 quarterbacks, $9 million franchises, soaring season-ticket sales and bare-knuckle expansion warfare between the two leagues; more important, it looks like a year of unexcelled competition.

But before we take you into the new season, we propose to take you back to some past ones. Y.A. Tittle, the famous San Francisco and New York quarterback who a few months ago decided to hang up his old-style high-top shoes after 17 years in pro football, has been persuaded to tell our readers the story of those years. Next week we publish the first installment of a three-part series Yat has written in collaboration with Tex Maule. The two men did most of their work on board Tittle's boat, the *Giant Blitz*.

Tittle's is an intimate account of a pro footballer's ups and downs. His style well reflects his personality—sober, responsible, but down-to-earth and decisive. He tells us what he thinks is the one essential to success for any pro quarterback. He analyzes the style and temperament of the coaches he played for: Cecil Isbell, Walter Driskill, Buck Shaw, Frank Albert, Red Hickey, Allie Sherman. He takes a strong stand on the currently controversial issue of drop-back vs. scrambling quarterback. He tells what it was like to be underdog in San Francisco and top dog in New York. He tackles the question of why the Giants failed in each of the three championship games of the Tittle era, reveals what really happened in the dressing room at half time on that frigid day in Chicago when the Bears clobbered his knee, and with it the Giants' title hopes. Finally, he explains what went wrong in 1964, when the Tittle passing arm lost its magic and the Giants dropped from first place in the East to last.

Tex Maule and Edwin Shrake will again form the nucleus of our pro football writing staff. Both men are currently visiting the clubs in summer camp, gathering the material for the assessments and scouting reports they will be writing for our September 13 Pro Football Issue.

There is no football writer in the country more respected—or contradicted—than Maule, and his annual forecast of the NFL race is again being awaited with fiery concentration in various quarters. Last season Maule did pretty well with his picks (up to the championship game); a year ago, notably, he crawled out on a lonely limb by emphatically predicting that neither the Giants nor the Bears, then the reigning divisional champions, would get close to repeating in 1964.

Tex loves to include at least one startler among his picks. Will he have any surprises this year? *I'll* be surprised if he doesn't.

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And the cost is low. For only $12, plus tax, for the first three minutes, you can call almost anywhere in the world. The rate for the first overseas call, from New York to London in 1927, was $75.

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American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies

Ready to try
a great, fresh taste ?
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fresher!
NEWPORT
FILTER CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Mild Menthol
NEWPORT
and tastes better than any other menthol cigarette!

Avis almost went broke giving away buttons.

Good old button. Cheap new button.

5 million so far.

At 2½¢ apiece, that amounts to $125,000. And that's a lot of money when you're only No. 2.

So our man in charge of buttons came up with a cheaper version. We're sure it'll work as well for everyone. (Like the Bishop in Africa who got 300 to inspire good works in his district.)

If all it took were buttons, though, the world would be on its way to being a better place.

But it takes more.

We don't just hang a button on a girl and expect miracles. Avis has a will to win and it rubs off. On her. And on the men who whisk the last cigar band out of the Plymouth.

Avis buttons are yours for the asking. But the button only works as hard as the people who wear it.

SCORECARD

WHAT IT IS ISN'T DEW

During every baseball season of the last few years charges have come up that the spitball is being used more today than ever before and the charges are generally true. Within recent weeks, however, two managers have been trying to do something about having the pitch either legalized or truly outlawed.

Last week Manager Bobby Bragan of the Milwaukee Braves forthrightly told his pitchers to throw spitters in a game against the San Francisco Giants. "We must have thrown 75 or 80 spitters, and nobody said a word," says Bragan. "Our pitchers made it obvious, too. I was just trying to prove that the umpires don't try to stop anybody from throwing spitters. Either the spitter should be legalized or steps should be taken to control it."

Al Lopez, manager of the Chicago White Sox, has had a running war this season with the Kansas City Athletics on grounds that John Wyatt is throwing a Vaseline pitch. The Vaseline pitch is very similar to the spitter. It falls quickly to earth at the last instant.

"Wyatt has Vaseline in his hair, on his uniform—just all over," says Lopez. "He's pretty cute about it."

Chances that the spitter will be either legalized or outlawed with simple honesty are dim. After all, fans do pay to see certain pitchers pitch and wonder, "Does he or doesn't he?"

DESIGNER FOR ALL SEASONS

There used to be just two kinds of yachts: comfortable, dry, fat ones for cruising and skinny, wet, fast ones for racing. And so it was until 1954, when Olin Stephens designed *Finisterre*, which was both fat and fast. While her crew lived in relative luxury she won the Bermuda Race three times. *Finisterre* established a new concept in yachting and in the rules of design.

At least one historic trophy has been revived by this evolution: the One Ton Cup, which expired in 1962 after keeping the six-meter class (those skinny, wet, fast ones) alive for 55 years. Next to the America's Cup it is the most respected trophy in international racing for restricted class boats. The new class of One Ton boats must measure up to the 22-foot rating, a formula strict enough to permit racing on a one-design basis (no handicap) and loose enough to encourage designers. The long-range goal is to establish a new Olympic class for more realistic yachting competition, since the five current Olympic classes have become esoteric toys—overly sensitive keelboats for day sailing and highly sophisticated dinghies.

To launch the Olympic campaign, the cupholding club, the Cercle de la Voile de Paris, invited international teams to meet for a series of races in the English Channel last month. Eight countries competed, with the U.S. represented by Dick Carter, known as the Steve McQueen of the Sea, who designed his own *Rabbit*. Denmark's new 22-footer, *Diana III*, was in the luxury class, complete with refrigerator, soft beds, oriental lanterns, full galley and head—and 50 bottles of whiskey to nourish the bearded Danish crew.

Diana was eighth in the first day's race and won the next two. She was designed by Olin Stephens, who started it all with *Finisterre*. The only time the U.S. has won the One Ton Cup was in 1952, with *Llanoria*, and guess who designed that.

THE DEMI-AMATEURS

The confusion surrounding the distinction between professionals and amateurs in sport was compounded last week in Des Moines, where two amateur hockey players were refused permission to play in the Iowa state semipro baseball tournament because, by semipro standards, they are professionals.

The hockey players, Canadians John Annable and Barry Jakeman, furnished incontrovertible proof that they play in an amateur league, though each gets a salary of $200 a week. Their club, the Des Moines Oak Leafs, is a member of the International Hockey League and in that sport the only players considered professional are those who play in the National Hockey League or on an admittedly professional team.

Their salaries made them too professional for the semipros but apparently would not disqualify them from competition in Olympic hockey.

Understand?

BORN HERO

No man to dodge a challenge, Allen Trammell of Eufaula, Ala. entered the University of Florida at 155 pounds and without an athletic scholarship. He soon earned one as a defensive halfback on the football team and first baseman on the baseball team.

This summer Allen has given himself the acid test. He is working on the public relations staff of Governor George Wallace of Alabama.

YOUTH'S LONG, LONG THOUGHTS

One year the fad was telephone booth stuffing. Then came ice cube tossing. Last winter it was seeing how long you could stand in a shower. (Victor Bass, a University of Chicago freshman, stayed in a dorm shower 48 hours, earning thereby the title "Victor the Prune." He has since been topped.) Until just

recently the reigning fad has been marathon softball games. Teen-agers in Tom's River, N.J. lasted 55 hours 45 minutes. The score: Oak Ridge 506, Suburban Park 456.

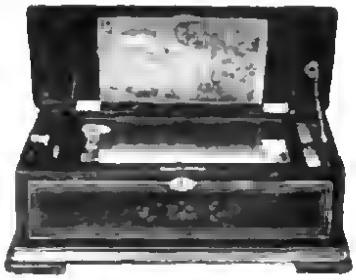
Now Jeff Newburg, 17, of Sparta, Wis. has given us a fad more cultural than marathon softball. He perched on the roof of a drive-in restaurant and sang *I'm Henry VIII, I Am* for seven

continued

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Have you had any lately?

For $526.30* you can buy an antique music box



or fly Qantas to Austria—and bring back tales of the Vienna Woods.

[illegible] to music. A city that stirred the souls of Strauss and Beethoven [illegible] Strauss. See the soaring spires of Gothic cathedrals. Gaze at the waters of the [illegible] Danube. Stroll through the fairy tale gardens of Shonbrunn Palace. [illegible] yourself in the tree-lined Vienna Woods where time stands still. You will remember Vienna. And Qantas, the airline that takes you there with high hearted Australian [illegible] hospitality. Fly Qantas to Vienna. Waltz down to your travel agent. Or Qantas. [illegible] Economy round trip air fare from New York when transatlantic travel is started and completed between August 4 and May 31.

QANTAS Australia's round-the-world airline

hours 45 minutes. He quit after singing it 1,001 times, saying he was tired of the whole thing.

ON THE OTHER HAND

Only about 40 California condors, largest land birds in North America, are left. In a move to protect them, Governor Pat Brown has signed a bill doubling the penalties for killing or injuring a condor. Now an offender can get a year in jail or a $1,000 fine, or both.

As the governor was signing the bill the state was being asked to support a proposal to build a dam. The dam would destroy the Ventura County area in which many of the condors live.

DEMON SPEED

Italians have a saying, "*Chi va piane va sano e va lontano*" (who goes slowly goes safely and goes far) but Walter Mussner, 20-year-old Italian skier, had no ambitions for distance. Seeking pure speed, he donned his long, grooved skis last week for the one-kilometer race at Cervinia, Italy, plummeted down the specially iced glacier track, skidded into a protective barrier at over 106 miles an hour—almost the velocity of a sky diver in a free fall—and was killed.

This sort of skiing is less a matter of skill than of aiming oneself in the right direction—straight down. It has about as much relation to competitive sport as going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

UNSREAKASLE SPORTS RECORDS

When television brought sports into the living room the spectator became even more sedentary than when he had to go out to the ball park and climb all those steps. And now he can "spectate" with his eyes closed. Sports on a plastic platter are being served in ultrahigh fidelity, stereophonic, full-dimensional sound.

In his acoustical arena the leisurely listener may hear not only the Mad Scene from *Lucia*, but the mad scene from Le Mans in the breathless baritone of Stirling Moss, accompanied by a full chorus of Ferraris. The enthusiast of motor sports may also have 12 inches of the Indianapolis 500, Craig Breedlove breaking the land-speed record at Bonneville, hot rods, drags, hydroplanes, motorcycle scrambles and stock cars being demolished. At the other end of the sonic scale are sounds of insects, sea animals and the UCLA basketball team.

The living-room sportsman can learn from records how to bowl, boat, fish, golf, skin dive, fly, play baseball, bridge, the banjo, the bongo and the bugle, how to relax, reduce and dance the polka. He can even learn ship-to-shore communications in Swahili.

One company has managed to bridge the gap between the passive playback and the still active player. The hunter who cannot afford a kennel of hounds need only carry a pack of pushbutton beagles in his portable tape recorder. To flush his quarry he just trips the switch, and his hounds are in full cry.

CHEERS!

On first hearing that the New York Racing Association was going to spend $3½ million to refurbish Saratoga Racetrack, we blanched. The idea of the NYRA whacking its way through the elmed loveliness of a charming, 102-year-old racecourse was not pleasant to contemplate. Before beginning work on Saratoga the NYRA had managed to knock down beautiful Belmont Park and to build a nonracetrack of cement and plastic called Aqueduct. What, we wondered, would they do to storied Saratoga?

This week Saratoga opens once again for its annual four-week meeting, and we are happy to report that this time the NYRA has done an excellent job of blending the new with the old. There is no law against hoping that the NYRA, now apparently on a hot streak, will take another look at Aqueduct and find a method of combining some of the attractive old with all that tasteless new.

NAMU N.G. AT B.D.

Despite all the cheers and tootling bands that greeted his arrival in Seattle, Namu the whale may yet go back to sea. Few residents have been willing to pay $1.50 to see him in his pen. "If the public will not maintain this whale, I fully intend to release him," said Edward Griffin , Namu's owner.

Doing slow belly rolls in his cage, a possible indication of illness, Namu settled one thing. Unlike a killer whale who had to be renamed Moby Doll after death, Namu is now officially identified as a male.

BENT TWIGS

One of the best-informed track and field nuts (SI, Aug. 2) in the world is H.D. Thoreau of San Francisco and his home

continued

Consistency

– the kind you can count on for every ball in the box – has made Titleist golf's #1 ball

Every year without fail – for the past 17 years – more pros and top amateurs have played more Titleists in mora tournaments than any other ball.

This year? Titleist is actually increasing its lead. In tournaments. In sales. In play every day.

(And remember: nobody's paid to play Titleist.)

Acushnet Golf Balls

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Desenex® is the Athletes' Athlete's Foot Treatment

Selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team at Tokyo.
Preferred by nearly all NFL and AFL trainers.
Most often prescribed and recommended by doctors.
Compounded with undecylenic acid, a standard Athlete's Foot treatment used by the U.S. Armed Forces.

Stay ahead of the game and avoid the itching, cracking and inflammation of Athlete's Foot. Just uae Desenex regularly. It's as effective for the prevention as it is for the treatment of Athlete'a Foot. Get Desenex Powder or cooling Desenex Aerosol for daytime use — and Desenex Ointment for night. Desenex is guaranteed to work or we'll refund your money. Fair enough?

WTS-PHARMACRAFT, Rochester N.Y. 14603

The complete absence of Athlete'a Foot, gentlemen, indicates this may be a monument to some early form of Desenex.

is filled with track talk. Scott Thoreau, his 8-year-old son, was asking about God the other day and H.D. remarked, quite naturally for a track nut, that no one has as much speed as God. "Can He beat Bob Hayes?" Scott asked.

In nearby Oakland, Scotty Stirling is publicity man for the Oakland Raiders and *his* home is filled with American Football League talk. On a recent evening guests were discussing Communism and politics, but not for long. "I wonder who is the real Russian leader now?" one of them wondered. Seven-year-old Donald Stirling advised him that "It's Cookie Gilchrist, 981 yards last season."

PRESCRIPTION FOR PUTTERS

Golfers would do well to change their style of putting so as to take advantage of the fact that they have two eyes, according to Dr. William Vallotton, Charleston, S.C. ophthalmologist.

"All of our daily activities requiring good binocular vision are carried out with the eyes forward," he said, "yet we try a difficult task, such as putting, in a most unphysiological way. Most people are right-eyed, so a right-handed putter is looking at the hole out of a non-dominant eye."

When he developed the theory, Dr. Vallotton took his own medicine. He went out on the course and putted croquet-style, straddling the ball. Knocked seven strokes off his game.

BY ANY OTHER NAME

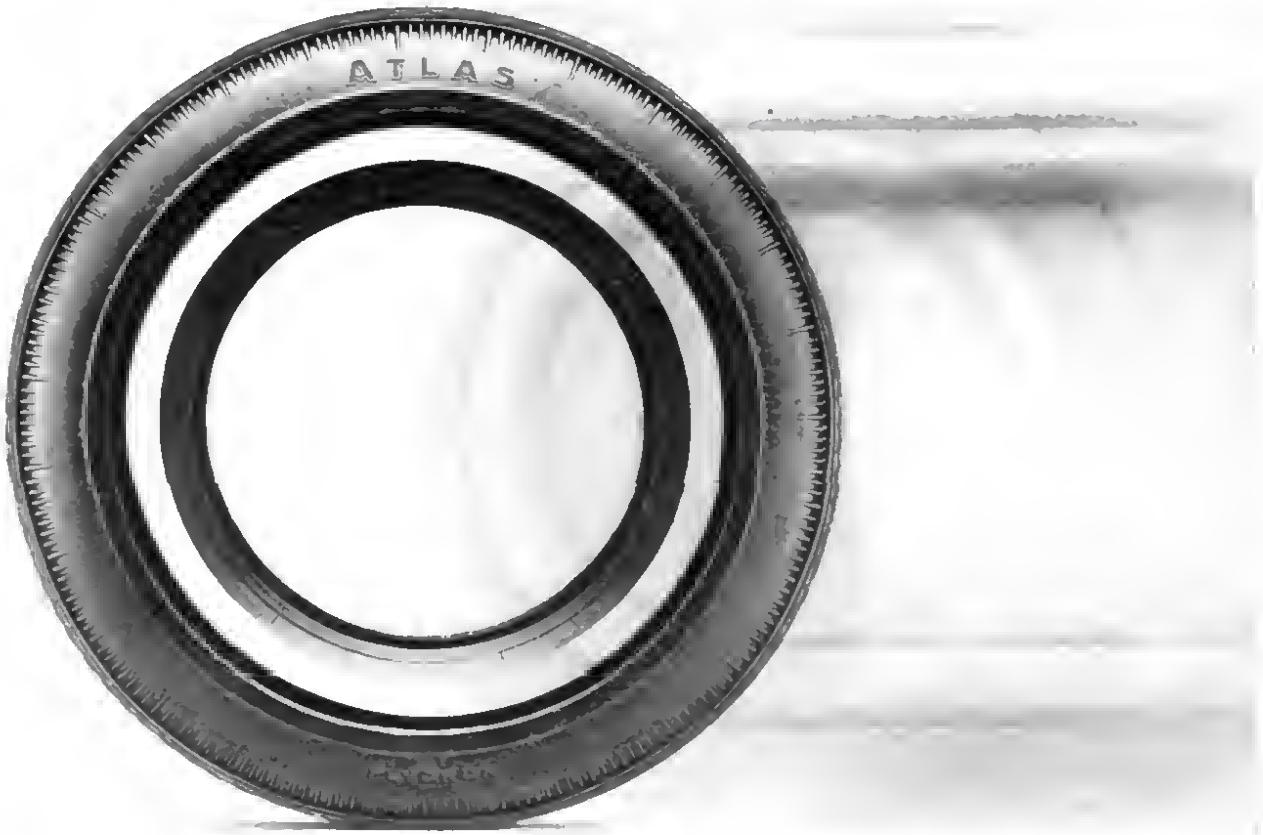
The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association has a dreadful secret. Its National Clay Courts Championships are not really played on clay courts at all—and have not been since the courts at River Forest Tennis Club were changed from clay before the 1962 tournament. But, really now, you cannot very well go around promoting seven days of high-pressure tennis called the USLTA Naturally Green Crushed Granite and Quartz Court Championships.

THEY SAID IT

• Satchel Paige, on how to pitch. "Just take the ball and throw it where you want to. Throw strikes. Home plate don't move."

• Wahoo McDaniel, asked if his fellow New York Jets players resented Joe Namath's $400,000 contract: "No. He's mighty handy to have along when you go out drinking beer." **END**

Why The Round Tire rolls further...



3,000 miles further, at least!

Ever notice how a kid's shoes wear out quickest where he scuffs 'em most?

Same thing can go for tires. When they're not perfectly round, some spots "scuff" and wear out too fast. That's why Atlas went to so much trouble to develop the Atlas **PLYCRON*** Tire. It's rounder. And roundness is only one reason it rolls at least 3,000 miles further than even the tires that come on most new cars.

Atlas has a much rounder mold!

What makes it rounder? A special mold. A precision engraved mold that's within 3/1000 of an inch of perfect round. Other molds can be out of round by as much as 30/1000 of an inch.

Small difference? Maybe. Until you think how many millions of times a year a tire turns. Then that difference adds up, for rounder tires roll more smoothly, wear more evenly.

Cord strength, wrap-around tread, many other things are important, too. The point is, only a tire this carefully built can give you those extra miles.

At least 3,000 more miles!

The toughest driving tests prove you can expect at least 3,000 extra miles from The Round Tire—even more if you're an average driver.

Want more miles? Make The Round Tire your tire!

ATLAS
PLYCRON

THE ROUND TIRE THAT ROLLS 3,000 MILES FURTHER

Sold at over 50,000 leading service stations • Atlas Tires • Batteries • Accessories

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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 9, 1965

THE REVOLT OF THE GOLF PROS

Touring golfers may be enviably prosperous, but they are fed up. They feel they are chaotically administered by a badly out-of-date organization, and they are clamoring for reform in six major areas

by ALFRED WRIGHT

WHAT THE PROFESSIONALS ARE AFTER

1. *Their own boss, appointed by them and representing their own interests.*
2. *No more than six official tournaments in a row. They say they can't play well in more.*
3. *No more than 30 tournaments a year, spaced to rest the golfers and cut down travel time.*
4. *The roster of approved players to be cut by almost a third.*
5. *Emphasis on a training program to develop new players.*
6. *A looser affiliation with the parent PGA, which has outlived its usefulness to them.*

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Last week most of this generation's best golfers could be found cutting large, comfortable slices out of par in the rolling hills of Harrison, just outside of New York City. The scene was the Westchester Country Club, the tournament the Thunderbird. The course, for men of their accomplishments, was comparatively simple and the pot was a decent $100,000, not remarkable in these affluent times of $125,000 and even $200,000 purses, but substantial enough for professionals who just 20 years ago considered themselves fortunate to play for $10,000. Life, during this fourth annual stop on the Professional Golfers' Association tour, seemed easy.

But beneath the tranquil surface a revolt was stirring. Professional tournament golf, for all its success, was in trouble, and the people most vocal about its shortcomings were the professionals themselves. They are discontented with the wearying length of the tour, with the grinding week-in-and-week-out monotony of tournaments and, most seriously, with the absence of authority at the top which has led to chaotic travel schedules and missed opportunities. This week either Bill Casper or Tommy Jacobs takes over from Dave Marr as chairman of the PGA tournament committee, and every one of the tournament golfers who is familiar with the problems of the tour is ready for reform right now! Casper and Jacobs want it. Marr wants it. Jay Hebert and Don January, past chairmen, want it. Bob Goalby and Johnny Pott, former committeemen, want it. And Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus want it, which may be more to the point. Without them there could be very little tour, for the reigning stars of golf are the tail that wags the dog.

A major indication that things were not well with the pros came last month when a man named Dr. Joseph R. Ewers resigned his job in the face of nationwide inattention. For all of six months, Dr. Ewers had been the executive director of the PGA, a national trade union of golf teachers that also happens to run the multimillion-dollar tour. Dr. Ewers had been hired to bring some order and direction into the operations of the PGA. After six months he gave up and returned to his former job of assistant to the president and associate professor of business administration at Indiana University. His resignation may already have become one of those accidental climacterics—an event of no importance except to the people directly involved—that triggers a chain reaction affecting the lives of hundreds of other people.

It is only an evolutionary accident that the PGA runs the tour at all. When professional golf first started to become a gate attraction in the '20s and '30s, the leading players like Walter Hagen and Tommy Armour and Gene Sarazen were also club pros. So it was only natural that the PGA, which was the only organization extant, would run their tournaments. When the tour became a full-time business, the PGA continued to oversee their tournaments but not—in the opinion of the insurgents—very well.

Last year Thomas W. Crane, who had been the PGA's executive director for 21 years, announced that he would soon retire. At the urging of some of the tournament players, the PGA hired the management-consultant firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton to make a study of its structure. The report by BAH recommended that the executive director be the focal point of the whole organization with far greater authority than he had had in the past. A PGA committee then set about screening applicants for the job to succeed Crane, and the 36-year-old Ewers eventually was hired. "I thought he was going to be the answer to all our problems," Palmer said recently. "I thought he was a terrific guy—young and aggressive and full of savvy." The other players who met Ewers echoed these sentiments.

When Ewers moved into the new PGA offices last January he discovered, among other things, that Crane had no intention of moving aside—he had assumed the title of executive consultant. Nearly every decision Ewers made had to be approved not only by Crane but also by Warren Cantrell, the current PGA president, who is president of a club in San Antonio. Ewers was discouraged from attending tournaments where he hoped to meet the players and learn how tournaments are run. Soon he came to agree with a charge some tourney pros have leveled at the PGA for years: that the core of its philosophy is to ignore a problem and hope it will go away. It was when Ewers discovered he could not override the entrenched PGA officials that he packed his bags and went home.

When Ewers resigned no one was more dismayed than Dave Marr, who was finishing his one-year tour of duty as chairman of the tournament committee. This committee is the only voice the players have in the management of their own affairs, and each year one of the four players on the committee has to spend virtually all of his spare time as its chairman (the other three members are PGA officials who perform no services for tournament golf). Learning of Ewers' resignation, Marr flew to Palm Beach Gardens between tournaments in Toronto and Hartford to find out what had gone wrong.

When he returned, Marr put his elbows on the table of a restaurant and dropped his head in his hands. "I feel as if I had just wasted a whole year trying to make some sense out of this thing," he said. "Every time you try to do anything constructive for the tour, you run into this stone wall. I guess Joe Ewers decided it just wasn't worth the effort, and I don't blame him. Right now I feel as if my year had been a failure."

Marr is as determined a man as he is personable. Despite his momentary frustration, he has every right to look back with satisfaction on his chairmanship, although it may have cost him a lot of money. At the end of 1964 he was 11th on the list of PGA money winners, and as of last week he stood 25th. However, it was largely through his efforts that the tour negotiated a 13-week television

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package that brought $600,000 in added purses for 1965. He also pushed through a plan for a school for rookie pros that will begin operating in the fall. Two such positive accomplishments for a tournament chairman is the equivalent of making a camel walk backwards.

What neither Marr nor any of his predecessors has been able to accomplish is to make organized sense out of their business. The players have always been forced to travel wherever the sponsors with money were. Two years ago, for example, there was a tournament one week in Portland, Ore., two weeks later in Philadelphia and two weeks after that in Las Vegas. Last month, when most of the pros were playing in a tournament in Hartford for a purse of $70,000, 300 miles away in Washington, D.C., Palmer, Nicklaus and Player were in a tournament of their own playing for $50,000. Palmer, who came in third, won $13,000, which is $2,000 more than Casper got for winning the 144-man Hartford tournament. Another case in point was this year's Western Open in Chicago in July, a venerable championship with a $70,000 purse. Palmer, Nicklaus and Player all skipped it to go to England to prepare for the British Open.

The most absurd conflict of all, however, is caused by a 36-hole television show called the World Series of Golf that was started three years ago without the sanction of the players' tournament committee. A Chicago television impresario named Walter Schwimmer got the idea of staging a two-day TV contest among the winners of the four major tournaments open to professionals—the Masters, the U.S. and British opens and the PGA championship. It happened that in that first year of the World Series all four titles were won by Palmer, Nicklaus and Player. Even though a regular PGA tournament was already scheduled for Denver on that same September weekend, the PGA executive committee authorized the World Series in exchange for a gift of $7,500 to its treasury. Naturally, the sponsors of the Denver Open were furious, not just over losing the three big stars but also at having to play opposite the national TV show. Denver has since withdrawn from the PGA tour.

But that is only part of the story. The PGA executive committee, which numbers only one tournament player among its 14 members, kept the entire $7,500 for itself instead of turning it over to the tournament bureau, which runs the finances of the tour.

Therein lies the major bone of contention between the players and the PGA. The parent organization is run by the executive committee, which has the ultimate authority over all PGA personnel including James Gaquin, the tournament manager, who is in charge of arranging the entire tournament schedule from year to year. Although the players themselves pay all the salaries and expenses of their tournament staff—including Gaquin's—out of the money collected from their entry fees at each tournament, Gaquin works in Florida with the regular PGA staff and sides with it in the disputes with the players.

It is such ridiculous inconsistencies and arrangements as these that make the tournament sponsors restless, the players unhappy and the future of tournament golf insecure. It takes little imagination to foresee what would happen to the tour if Palmer, Nicklaus, Player and, say, Tony Lema, Ken Venturi and Casper should start a rival circuit of their own. They have no present intention of doing so, but there is general agreement among them and other top pros that their game needs half a dozen reforms—and they intend to see that it gets all of them.

First, they want a strong managing director who will be responsible to them alone. Joseph C. Dey Jr., the executive director of the USGA, is most often mentioned as their first choice, but there probably is not enough money in golf (or anywhere else) to make Dey give up the security and dignity of his present job to fight the battle that will have to be waged to put tournament golf on the tack the pros want.

Some of the players have suggested Ben Hogan for the job, but Hogan is too unswerving and controversial a personality to be acceptable to all. Another suggestion has been General Thomas S. Power, recently retired from the Air Force after having commanded the Strategic Air Command for seven years. General Power is a low-handicap golfer and

Dave Marr interrupts putting practice to talk PGA business with TV Director Martin Carmichael.

a man with enough experience in command decisions to be able to impress his authority on a group of untamed individualists like the touring golfers.

The only other authority the pros want is their own. They propose to set up a seven-man supervisory committee, large enough to be representative and small enough to be incisive. Members would be asked to serve at least two and probably three years on the committee in order to become familiar with the problems of the business. The committee membership would rotate in such a way that there would be a couple of new men each year to replace those who were completing their terms. In the committee and the executive director would lie the ultimate authority over tournament golf.

The next order of business on the pros' agenda is to formalize the pro tour. There are 48 tournaments on the PGA schedule this year, with eight open weeks on which no tournament is scheduled. Of the 48 tournaments, 11 are unofficial, which means that their results do not count in PGA statistics—that is, towards points for the Ryder Cup team or the Vardon Cup or leading money winner. At the beginning of the year, the official tournaments fall in dribs and drabs, a couple here, one there, a couple more someplace else and so on. Then come the official tournaments in stretches of eight or nine weeks without a break. Towards the end of the year they will again come in dribs and drabs. Almost to a man, the pros claim there is no possible way they can play their best golf for eight or nine weeks running. On the other hand, it is simply not practical for them to traipse around the country playing a week here, going home for a week or two, then playing a week somewhere else.

They want official tournaments to come in groups of five or, preferably, six with a few weeks separating each string of tournaments so that they can go home and rest, see their families and attend to their private affairs. The tour, as they see it, might start at the first of the year in California and Arizona, with all tournaments official. As it is now, neither the Bing Crosby pro-am nor the Bob Hope Classic at Palm Springs falls into that category. The next string of official tournaments would have to be in the Florida area, leading up to the Masters, for it is then that the Florida courses are in their best condition. Five such strings of official tournaments would provide 30 official tournaments a year. That is a lot of golf for any one man to play but it can be done, the pros say, if the tournaments are properly spaced.

The players also want to place tougher restrictions on their own activities. When an official tournament is in progress, no player who is licensed to play in it would be permitted to appear publicly elsewhere in the role of golfer. Further, accredited players would be required to play in most, if not all, the official events, thus guaranteeing a sponsor who puts up $100,000 or more in prize money that he will have all the stars who attract the spectators and that he won't be left holding the bag as sponsors in Hartford, Denver and the Western Open were.

Many of the pros want to reduce the number of players in each tournament. As of this year, the PGA has limited the number of contestants in its regular events to 144, but this is still an unwieldy field and full of players who have no more chance to win than your Aunt Emma. When weather delays play, as it often does in the winter and spring with heavy rains and even frozen greens in the early morning, it is impossible for everyone to complete an 18-hole round before nightfall. A field of 120 or even 100 is far more realistic, the best players say. Pros whose current performances are outstanding would be eligible automatically for the tour, but there would be very few spots available to the "rabbits," who now tag along the tournament trail hoping to pick up the last drippings from the money spout.

Lest they be accused of closing their ranks against newcomers, the reform-minded pros point to the new school for fledgling players that Marr's committee organized and which goes into operation for the first time this fall. It will weed out some of the young players who will never make the grade, but it will turn up those who will. And here, the pros say, is where their new format makes great good sense. During the 20 or 25 weeks of the year when no official tournaments were scheduled, a great many unofficial tournaments would certainly spring up around the country where the newcomers could gain seasoning and experience. The prize money would be less but the competition would not be nearly so intense.

Wherever the tournament players gather these days they are talking reform. Opinions vary on the precise details but there is a virtual unanimity that the only people who can clear away the organizational smog in the PGA are the players themselves. This does not mean that they intend to divorce themselves entirely from the PGA proper. A great many of them came out of the teaching ranks and even more of them will return there when their playing careers are over. They want to keep a loose affiliation with the parent body, perhaps by paying a token percentage of their dues to the PGA.

Back home, Dr. Joe Ewers ruefully contemplates his six months as PGA administrator

But change is in the wind, and the breezes blowing up from the PGA headquarters in Florida are only partially responsible. As Bill Casper says, "Florida is a good place for old people, so the PGA is located in the right place. But our organization should be in New York or wherever else you have to be to get things done with the sponsors and television people and the manufacturers who support us."

The players, after a succession of profitable years, have close to $400,000 in their tournament bureau treasury, and their mood is mutinous. **END**

AN UNDERSTUDY TAKES CHARGE

When Arthur Ashe was chosen to face Mexico in Davis Cup play, it was hoped he might help U.S. star Dennis Ralston by winning one match. As it developed, he won twice to lead his team to victory **by FRANK DEFORD**

When the U.S. Davis Cup team took the court against Mexico in the American Zone final in Dallas last week, there was every reason to believe that the Tie would be still another in the series of close, exciting duels between the two nations. As host city, Dallas knocked itself out for the show. The Junior League, the Jaycees and Neiman-Marcus were all in on it. There were parades, dances, lunches, brunches—the works. One night four "jewels of the Junior League" were auctioned off, the high bidders each getting a girl as a hostess at the matches. Everything, in fact, was a rollicking success, until the players stepped onto the court.

Then in the very first match the show went haywire: a supporting player, not really a principal, decided to become a star. He was 21-year-old Arthur Ashe, the third-ranked in this country, and he beat the wily and seasoned Rafael Osuna, Mexico's top player, in three remarkably easy sets. Dennis Ralston added a second point for the U.S. an hour or so later by beating Antonio Palafox even more easily. The U.S. was stymied the following day when Osuna and Palafox, a practiced doubles combination, beat Ralston and 31-year-old Ham Richardson, but on Monday, Ashe completed his scene-stealing Davis Cup performance by defeating Palafox to give the U.S the deciding point.

It does not discredit Dennis Ralston to say that Mexico was through when Ashe beat Osuna. The day before the matches began, Mexican Captain Pancho Contreras smiled broadly when the draw pitted his ace against the relatively inexperienced Ashe. "It is just the way we wanted it," Contreras said. "Our idea is to get that first point. Of course, if we should lose. . . ."

Almost from the start of the match it was clear that Osuna would indeed lose. Ashe's serve—the best among the amateur players, in the opinion of Pancho Gonzalez—was never better, and time and again he passed Osuna with his backhand return of service. Ashe had always played in gangbusters style, all out, letting the shots fall where they would. But in Dallas, at Gonzalez' urging, he sacrificed power for control, a tactic that had Osuna constantly off balance.

In his match against Rafael Osuna, Ashe served (left), hit overheads (center) and volleyed better than ever before in his career, completely

Osuna, it must be said, was not at his best in the first match. He is 26 and ready to move to New York in the fall to work for a cigarette company. His spirit was gone and, more important, so was his left knee, which was operated on last winter and still hampers his movement. Contreras said the knee was fine, and it was—to sell cigarettes on. After the match Osuna said: "They knew. He hit the ball to my right every time. I don't know who told him." Answer: perhaps nobody. It has always been good strategy to hit to Osuna's forehand, the weakest part of his game.

A short distance away, in what passed for a locker room, Ashe shed his clothes with a slight, curious smile on his face. "I feel wonderful," he said. "This was a little different than just playing for Arthur Ashe." Playing for Arthur Ashe has always been in itself a little different because Ashe is that rarity in American tennis, a Negro. ("Well," Osuna laughed after the draw was announced, his arm around Ashe, "the two slick little brown bodies will meet first.") With the possible exception of Huntington Hartford comma the A&P heir comma, no one is as quickly labeled as Ashe. The mention of his name in print is invariably followed by the words "the first Negro to. . . ." That is, win a tournament, get to the semifinals in a tournament, play in the Davis Cup or, in short, do whatever tennis historians determine he is the first Negro to do.

The fuss made over the fact that he is the first male Negro in tournament tennis has rather obscured him as an individual. He is skinny—6 feet 1 inch, 158 pounds—genuinely pleasant and absolutely unflappable. Before the draw, he had to be called away from playing tic-tac-toe (two no-decisions with cup teammate Frank Froehling) on the back of the blackboard where the pairings were to be listed. He also has a wry and distant sort of humor that makes him a bit enigmatic. "I don't know where I got it," he says of his humor. "I've always been this way. I just amble along and these things sort of stumble on me."

Ashe hates to be any sort of a bother. The night before he played Osuna in the first match, he went to sleep at midnight but was awakened periodically thereafter by a swinging party in the next room of the motel. He finally woke up for good—this time out of nervousness—at 5. Captain George MacCall bounded up to his room to greet him at 8:15, and Arthur reported that he had slept like a log. "We try not to get George excited," Ashe explained later, and there is absolutely no way to tell, the way he says these things, who he is putting on—you, MacCall, both or, maybe, no one at all.

Ashe is from Richmond but attends UCLA, where he still needs a semester's credits for a degree in marketing. He plans to concentrate on tennis, however, for the next few months and will not return to finish up until January. Ashe is an ROTC artillery candidate and will be commissioned for a two-year obligation sometime soon after his graduation. After that, any old crystal ball can foresee the sentence beginning: "Arthur Ashe, the first Negro professional tennis player to. . . ."

In Dallas, Ashe not only helped win the Tie, but he also helped his new employer, Coca-Cola, which he and Ralston are now working for—in the grand old amateur tradition—as "market consultants." A market consultant, among other things, will arrive at a tennis match, say, in Dallas, in the shadow of the Dr Pepper clock tower and wonder out loud why there is no Coca-Cola to be had. Which is what Ashe did. Which is why Coca-Cola could be bought at the Dr Pepper stands.

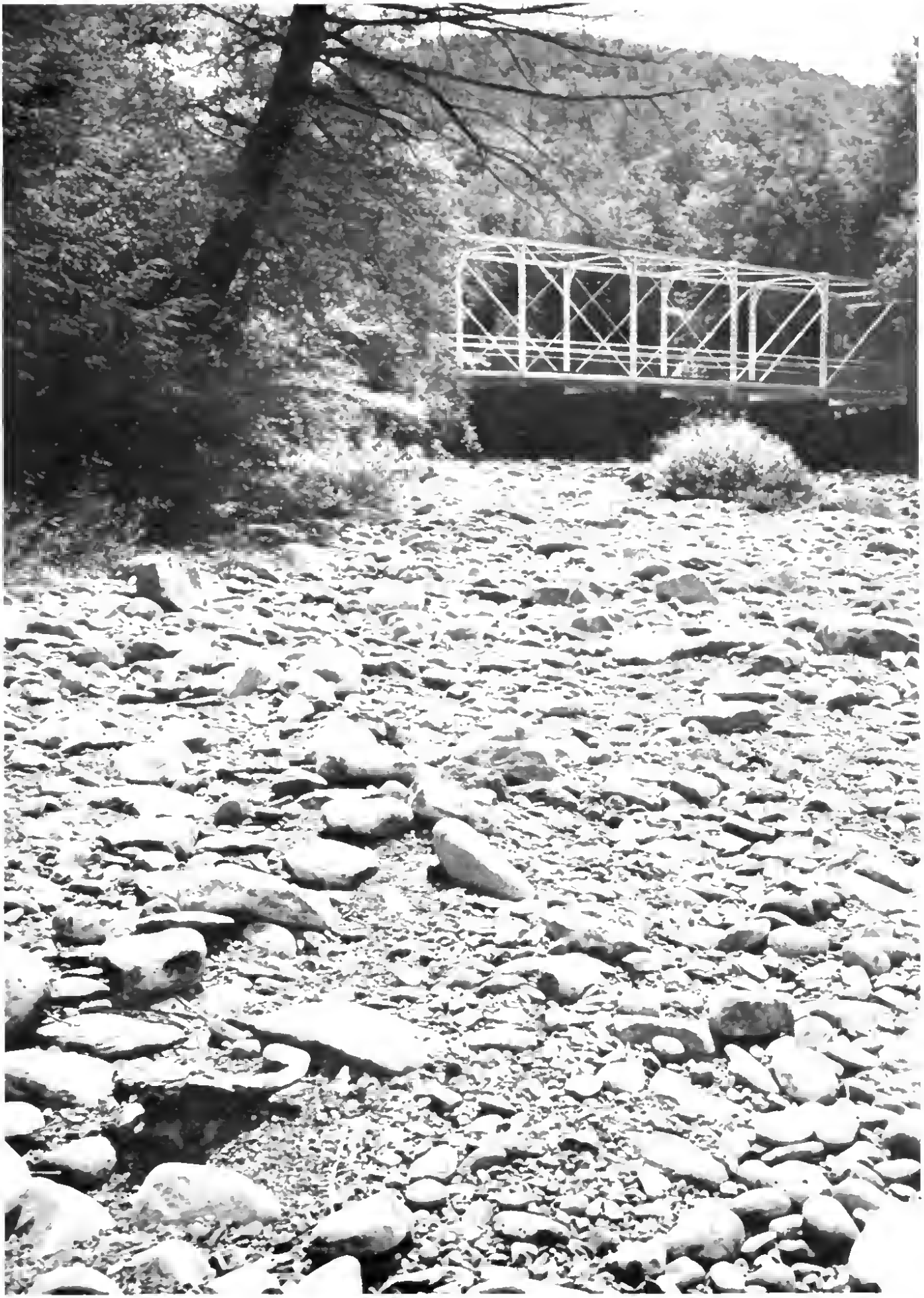
However, in the matter of players doubling in official capacities Ham Richardson set a new record. Not only did he play the doubles, but he also handled TV commentary for the singles—which is approximately equivalent to Don Drysdale working with Vin Scully on the nights Sandy Koufax is pitching. What is more, Richardson was primarily responsible for rounding up the guarantee that caused the match to be held in Dallas in the first place.

Despite his play in Dallas, Ashe at present is not scheduled to play next weekend, when the U.S. meets Spain, the European Zone winner, in Barcelona. The matches in Spain will be held on clay, and Ashe's game is geared for faster surfaces—cement or grass. Captain MacCall is leaning toward Frank Froehling, who has had a spectacularly mediocre year but who is the only U.S. Davis Cupper who has played the European clay circuit. Stockbroker Richardson, who came out of seven years of Davis Cup retirement to play against Mexico, is returning to high finance, so Ralston's doubles partner in Barcelona probably will be Clark Graebner, another pretty good clay man, or Marty Riessen, who usually plays doubles with Graebner. Or it may be Graebner and Riessen, who have had considerable success together.

With all this uncertainty ahead, it is easy to understand why MacCall's mother-in-law, when he told her he wanted to be Davis Cup captain, simply asked: "Why?" When other people persist in asking him, he always begins, "That is a very good question." MacCall, an insurance salesman now, was a commercial airline pilot for almost 20 years—certainly a pair of contrasting vocations—but it is doubtful that anything could prepare him sufficiently for the job he now holds.

Winning in Barcelona will be tougher than it was in Dallas. Manuel Santana will be favored to win both his singles matches, and Santana and Luis Arilla are a good doubles combination. Even Juan Gisbert, the second singles player, will be a challenge on his home surface. Make no mistake about it. A U.S. victory in Spain would be nothing short of a rousing upset, even with Arthur Ashe in the lineup. **END**

dominating the more experienced Mexican



A DRY SILENCE IN THE NORTHEAST

The five-yaer drought has parched streams like Loyalsock Creek (left) in Pennsylvania, but the fishing is good in isolated pools and the hunting forecast is excellent—if rain comes

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Drive along Route 28 north of New York City these days and you find yourself in a densely wooded and thickly settled vacationland where nothing whatever seems to be happening. The blacktop curves around summer camps where everybody seems asleep, runs through abnormally quiet resort towns, passes cabins closed for the summer and skirts reservoirs where the water level is declining steadily every day. Now and then you cross a bridge over a feeder stream, famous in fly-fishing literature, but with no water in it.

The air is remarkably still much of the time, adding to the sense that life has been suspended: vapor trails of jets look solid against the cloudless sky, and the leaves are motionless on the state-owned trees of the Forest Preserve. Nothing *is* happening, except the worst drought since meteorological records began to be kept for the region about a hundred years ago. A drought is a negative, however; it means that something has failed to happen, rather than that anything has happened, and the dominant impression one gets is of nothingness—but on a colossal scale. The boundaries of this torpid world are vast, ranging roughly from the popular waters of Lake Wallenpaupack in Pennsylvania (which is go-

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ing down a little every day because 200 million gallons are being drained off every 24 hours for emergency use elsewhere) to southern Maine and New Hampshire, where the Pemigewasset River is the lowest it has ever been. In all, the drought area spans or touches upon 11 states, encloses much of the favorite vacation playground of 30 million people and increases in size every day.

The trouble is not on the ground, however; it is in the air. Nothing has been happening in the upper air over this arid terrain for a long five years. A good time for dating the start of the drought is October 1960. In the great deer-hunting country of the western Catskills the rainfall for October used to be 3.33 inches. That had been the average for 25 years. In 1960 the rainfall in October dropped to 1.91 inches. People pay attention to such things because the deer season opens in November, and as many as 20,000 well-armed deer hunters converge on a small section of Sullivan County for the opening day of the season. Last year the rainfall in that area in October dropped to only 1.08 inches, and the woods were closed to hunters, because of the danger of forest fires, until the fifth day of the season. The woods have been closed part of the time every fall for the past three years, hitting business in the fishing-and-hunting country with an estimated $2-million-a-day loss.

The *Water Resources Review* of the U.S. Geological Survey noted that the Delaware River in June 1962 had reached an all-time low—only 3,410 cubic feet a second at Trenton, several miles downstream from Washington's famous winter crossing. In June 1965 however, the Delaware at Trenton was down to 2,570 cubic feet a second. Streamflow statistics seem to be deliberately designed to make it impossible for the layman to visualize the size of rivers in terms of water you can fish or swim in, but in general it works out like this: a summer creek big enough to form swimming pools for children may flow 10 cubic feet a second. Steady little rivers flow at perhaps 100 cubic feet a second. Fishing streams often range from 100 to 500 —the Esopus, Neversink, Beaverkill and Rondout, to cite a few examples. What the drought means in this perspective is best indicated by a big river—the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, Pa. Last month the Susquehanna was flowing there at the rate of 4,100 cubic feet a second. But in July the Susquehanna is supposed to be flowing past Harrisburg at the rate of 15,300 cubic feet a second.

The drought did not creep up on the Northeast unobserved. By the summer of 1963 the Connecticut at Hartford was reported to be the lowest ever for July, and hunters in Pennsylvania (the leading hunting state, with a million licenses annually) were outraged because Governor Scranton closed the woods for the coming hunting season. By the summer of 1964 fishermen in New York were gazing spellbound as old stone foundations, stone fences, farm roads and sunken rowboats began to emerge from the depths where they had been hidden since the Croton River was dammed in 1842. On November 16, 1964, Neversink Reservoir was bone dry. Two weeks later Pepacton Reservoir was all but dry—down to 3% of its capacity. Last November the reservoir system as a whole was down to 25% of capacity.

That had happened before, but winter snows and spring rains usually could be depended on to bring the levels back. In the first seven months of 1965, however, precipitation in New York state came to only 13 inches, compared to an average of about 24 inches for a 25-year period. So by this summer it was not surprising that a blimp bearing the ominous sign SAVE WATER was cruising over the otherwise cloudless skies above New York; that the city restaurants did not serve water unless patrons specifically asked for it; that fountains were turned off or, if they spouted at all, were accompanied by apologetic signs stating that the water did not come from the city reservoirs. Only last week the publicity people got into the act, and gin was used in place of water for two small fountains in Tiffany's window on New York's Fifth Avenue.

Those brawling and impetuous Catskill trout streams have been harnessed into a system designed to supply New York with 1.55 billion gallons of water a day. Since the city's consumption is 1.2 billion gallons a day, the streams are supposed to provide storage for dry periods. But by midsummer the reservoirs were declining by more than a billion gallons daily. And by the end of July brown water was reported to be flowing from some faucets, though around 200 billion gallons remained in the reservoir system, roughly 40% of capacity.

What can be done about any catastrophe as elemental as a drought? In New Jersey, where the drought went into its 50th month, emergency plans were made to draw water from Greenwood Lake, a big fishing, boating and water-skiing refuge in the Sterling Forest. It was calculated that if such desperate measures became necessary the summer cabins on the lakeshore would be 18 feet above the water level by the time winter rains begin. In Pennsylvania on June 23, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, in Hershey for a North American Indian get-together, put on a rain dance designed to draw thunder and lightning from the clouds. That night it rained—so hard, in fact, that the Indian show had to be canceled, the sponsor went broke and the Indian Bureau had to return the Indians to their reservations. And almost no rain fell in Pennsylvania for the next 30 days.

The traditional pattern of New York officials confronted with a water crisis is to be galvanized into hasty inactivity. Pressed about immediate measures, officials said that it might become necessary to shut off the water supply during certain hours of the day.

Today, New York's feeder streams flowing into the rivers—once clear, cold and full—are dry, or all but dry. Often they are no more than lines of white rock running back between walls of dusty briers. Sometimes there is a foot-wide trickle of agate-colored water flowing around the rocks. The dry feeders make a formidable hazard to future fishing, for they are needed for spawning. "But trout are tough," said John Gould, a regional supervisor of fish and game. "They can hold off spawning until late in the year." And even the most discouraged observer believes it will rain in the Catskills some day. The browns in particular are less local and more elastic in their adaptation to such violently fluctuating environments; brook trout are more vulnerable.

Oddly enough, fishing is often excellent. Robert Bielo, the executive director of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, said philosophically that fish did better during droughts than during floods. "The only area hit real hard is the upper Delaware," he said. "What the drought has done elsewhere is make tremendous fishing. The fish are isolated in pools that normally wouldn't be reached, and the fishermen are able to get at them."

Drought fishing intensifies one's impression that a drought area is one where nothing is happening. Instead of balancing on his waders in the rapids and casting again and again, the drought fisherman stands motionless on the bank and looks for fish. And often where the fishing is best you cannot see the fishermen at all. "There is a lot of fishing going on," said the ranger at World's End State Park in Pennsylvania, "and they are catching a lot of fish." He pointed to a broad, shallow pool, perhaps 100 yards long, on one small trout stream. Beside the pool is a well-traveled bank marked with many footprints. "It's mostly night fishing," he said.

Below a bridge, near the outlet of Neversink Reservoir, it was possible to count half a hundred fish feeding in the early evening. There were suckers and shiners, but there were trout in there, too. On the great, sloping, grass-covered wall of the reservoir two deer came down to drink. On the edge of the Forest Preserve at Stratford, at the margins of dry thickets, there were quail turning bewilderedly among the rocks of a dry creek that formerly flowed into West Canada Creek. A quarter of a mile away a weasel eased itself slowly out of a tangle of sticks beside a culvert, as much at home as it would be in a farmyard, and apparently as well fed.

"Drought has not hurt most game," said Albert Bromley, the New York Conservation Department's director of education. "Small game has even been helped by the dry, warm spring and summer." All through the drought country the dry nest-and-brood season has increased the ruffed-grouse population. Because of the drought, farmers delayed their cutting season, with the result that the young birds were more capable of flying when cutting removed their protection. New York's ruffed-grouse season has been increased a full month—hopefully—but unless there are rains there will be no hunting at all.

After three years of limited hunting and relatively mild winters, the outlook for deer hunters is excellent, again provided there is going to be a deer season. Showers may dampen the woods enough to keep the fire hazard down, even if the drought remains. Fire-prevention officials say the drought tends to make fires worse, because of the underlying dryness. They burn deeply. Last fall, after a fire in the black dirt section of Orange County it was found the earth was burned several feet below the surface. Experts said it would be 50 years before anything could grow there.

New York's drought problems have always had far-reaching effects. The immense Forest Preserve was set aside because of fears of a drought 80 years ago, and this action launched the conservation movement. In 1881 the Summit Level of the Erie Canal began to go dry. The canal is higher in its 62-mile middle stretch than it is at either end, and the lock-free Long Level is fed only by mountain streams like Canada Creek from the Adirondacks. Public alarm grew because streamflow declined as the woods were cut down, mass meetings were held in New York City and the legislature was driven to pass the first forest administration act in the U. S. Rains eased the crisis in any event, but meanwhile Maine, New Hampshire, Minnesota and Wisconsin passed almost identical acts. Then in 1893 the Federal Government set aside the national forests modeled on the New York state preserve. In a sense, the magnificent chain of national forests and wilderness areas, 186 million acres, dates back to the drought that dried up Canada Creek and the Mohawk River. The Forest Preserve never became the unified woods it was expected to be; private owners held title to almost half the land it enclosed; but as an incidental benefit, it created a broad, green belt across the mountains of the state—the biggest park in the U.S., 2,551,000 acres, one-eighth of the total area of New York.

No such remedy for the current drought is likely to be attempted now. However closely trees and streamflow are related, no one believes any longer that woods alone will insure rainfall. Rain does not necessarily fall because trees grow; the trees are there because rain falls. "Water is like a living thing," wrote Charles Lee McGuinness in his classic *U.S. Geological Survey Circular No. 114*. The vast circulatory system known as the hydrologic cycle operates like the human bloodstream. Water evaporates wherever exposed to air, rises into the atmosphere, travels as part of air mass, is condensed when the air mass rises and falls as rain or snow. The impression that nothing is happening over a drought area is an illusion. On a hot summer afternoon water is rising into the atmosphere at an unbelievable rate, equal to 10 great Mississippi Rivers at the maximum flow recorded for the Mississippi. The water drawn aloft by evaporation falls again as rain in quantities that stagger imagination—4.8 trillion gallons a day over the U.S. as a whole. Seventy per cent of this returns to the atmosphere through evaporation. Some 1.2 trillion gallons flow into the oceans. An estimated 28% sinks into the earth and flows slowly seaward. Nobody knows how much is stored underground, probably as much as is stored above ground in lakes and rivers. And if no rain fell for three years the Great Lakes alone could theoretically provide all the water needs of the nation even at its present wasteful rate of use.

So the country is in no danger of drying up. And New York state is singularly fortunate even in this potential aquatic paradise. "Vast water resources and large use," runs the Geological Survey's appraisal. "Less than five per cent of watershed area developed so far." Two years ago, another inventory of U.S. water noted that New York shortages were still caused by delays in developing the water resources, rather than by lack of water on the land.

Driving along the empty roads through the drought country makes one want to add a little more to the equation. Whatever else the drought may prove, it has revealed how lifeless the country is when the Beaverkill and the Rondout and the Neversink and their tributaries are not flowing musically in the woods. Nobody has yet shown how streams can be developed for water supply and still flow as freely as ever, but the fate of the drought country makes it imperative that some way be discovered. Thaddeus Norris, the first American fly-fishing authority, wrote in *Fishing in the Adirondacks* back in 1864 that experience in the woods, from time to time, was necessary for human brains. "It is not sentiment," he said. "It is reality." Our physical frames benefit from the fresh air and good exercise, but the greater benefit is from "the new life, new thought, new spring which it gives to the intellectual organs." Perhaps we should follow old Thaddeus' advice, and stay in the woods in the hope that our brains will improve to the point where we can solve our problems—even the problem of conserving the wilderness. **END**

THE LATINS STORM LAS GRANDES LIGAS

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

The night was black in Santo Domingo. It was after curfew, and warring troops patrolled the streets as the caravan of cars of the Organization of American States' negotiating team slowly left the rebel zone. Suddenly, out of the darkness, a rebel civilian, brandishing a rifle, stopped a correspondent. The reporter stepped back nervously, but the rebel was insistent. "Tell me," he demanded, "how did Marichal do today in the All-Star Game?"

This incident is typical of the passion that the Caribbean countries have for *beisbol*, both in *las grandes ligas* in the States and in winter ball at home. In Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Panama, Nicaragua, the Virgin Islands, the revolution-torn Dominican Republic and even Communist Cuba baseball is the most popular sport, as the swelling number of Latin players in the majors clearly indicates. In 1948 there was only one Latin playing regularly in the majors—Mike Guerra of the Philadelphia Athletics. Now there are 48, some of them among the biggest stars in the game, players like Juan Marichal (*see cover*) of the San Francisco Giants, the best right-hander in baseball, his teammate Orlando Cepeda, and both of last year's batting champions, Roberto Clemente of Pittsburgh and Tony Oliva of Minnesota.

In the Caribbean area baseball is played the year round by youngsters who often sew their own gloves and carve bats from the wood of the majagua tree. The player who can make it to the majors is the supreme hero. Recently, a special session of the legislature of the Virgin Islands passed two resolutions, one expressing the "pride of the people" in Alvin O. McBean of the Pirates as the first Virgin Islander to win *The Sporting News* Fireman of the Year Award, and the second congratulating Joseph O. Christopher of the Mets for becoming the first islander to hit .300 for a full major league season. In Puerto Rico crowds jam the airport when Clemente returns with a batting title or Cepeda with the *jouron* crown, and in the Dominican Republic *los fanáticos* are so passionate that when Marichal visits home after a season, he does not dare remain there. *Los fanáticos* cannot understand why their Juan, ordinarily

The eight Latin players chosen for this year's All-Star Game gather happily in exotic Minnesota for a group portrait. Left to right, they are: Felix Mantilla, Puerto Rico; Roberto Clemente, P.R.; Tony Oliva, Cuba; Cookie Rojas, Cuba; Juan Marichal, Dominican Republic; Zoilo Versalles, Cuba; Vic Davalillo, Venezuela; Leo Cardenas, Cuba.

HERB SCHARFMAN

an obliging sort, is too tired to pitch winter ball after a six-month National League season, and rather than endure catcalls from his followers, Marichal winters in California.

During the major league season Latin fans keep up with their heroes through the local press, which prints the batting averages of their countrymen. The World Series and the All-Star Game are broadcast in Spanish to Latin America by Buck Canel, an American of Spanish extraction who is revered by all *fanáticos de beisbol*, whether of the left or right (SI, Oct. 14, 1963)

Although the tremendous growth of Latin American strength in the majors began only after Jackie Robinson broke the color line in 1946, historically the influx started in 1911 when the late Clark Griffith, then the manager of the Cincinnati Reds, imported a white Cuban third baseman, Rafael Almeida, for a tryout. Almeida, a well-to-do fellow who smoked $1 cigars, was unimpressive, but Griffith did like the looks of Armando Marsans, the fancy-fielding interpreter Almeida had brought along. Marsans played for the Reds, St. Louis Browns and New York Yankees for seven years, and eventually other Cubans followed. To proud *fanáticos* back on the island, the Reds became known as *el querido Cinci*, the beloved Cincinnati.

When Griffith took over the Washington Senators he imported more white Cubans. His Cuba scout was Joe Cambria, an Italian laundryman from Baltimore, who settled in Havana and began shipping players almost literally by the boatload. Cambria, known as Poppa Joe to Cubans, virtually pirated three players off a gunboat that Dictator Fulgencio Batista was sending to *el querido Cinci* spring training camp in Tampa. Most of the good Cuban players were colored and could not play in the majors, and the best of these were collected by Alex Pompez, a Negro American of Cuban extraction. Pompez, who is now 72 and head of Giant scouting for Latins and Negro Americans, used to own the New York Cubans in the Negro National League, and during the winter he barnstormed with a team he called the Cuban Stars. Back in the old days, Pomp had players who put great store

continued

in the powers of *ñañigo*, the backwoods Cuban version of Haitian voodoo, and to keep the boys happy he often carried a *brujo*, a witch doctor, on the team, much as a club today would have a pitching coach. In 1916, Pomp recalls, he toured Puerto Rico with the Cuban Stars. It was only an 11-man club, but six of the players believed in *ñañigo*. They were unbeatable. Before one particularly crucial game in San Juan, Pomp let the *brujo* loose. Among other things, he buried a rooster's head beneath second base. (In Cuba a goat was often used with success.) "It was no contest," Pomp says. "We hit the ball like a cannon."

In this more sophisticated age there are few believers in *ñañigo* around, but still there are reports of players who carry snail shells, *los caracoles*, or chicken feathers in their back pockets for luck, just as a superstitious American would carry a rabbit's foot. Julio Gotay, a Puerto Rican recently sent to the minors by the Angels, was known to fellow Latins as "the witch doctor," and until recently Ruthford (Chico) Salmon, a Panamanian with the Indians, went to sleep with the lights blazing to ward off the powers of darkness. Chico says his mother used to hear ghosts talking and sometimes talked to them herself. However six months in the U.S. Army cured him of this phobia. Pedro Ramos, an expatriate Cuban with the Yankees, says that when he played ball in Havana, a player would sometimes stick nails in an apple and leave it in the locker of an opposing player. Ramos himself does not like the letter L because it stands for lose. He is very high on W. Not long ago, Jesus Alou of the Giants, a Dominican, remarked to a friend before a game with the Cubs, "A new moon. There isn't a pitcher alive who can get me out." Alou went four for five.

Caribbeans in general have the reputation for being temperamental, and the ballplayers are no exception. "They call us temperamental and we are," says McBean. "We've come a long way, and we're not going to put up with anything. We don't expect everybody to fall in love with us, but we want to be treated like human beings. We're a proud people." As a result of this pride, a Latin must be handled more tactfully than his American teammates. The Latin shows a tendency to take criticism, however well intentioned, as a personal affront. "They were difficult for me at first," says Gene Mauch, manager of the Phillies. "You discuss things with a Latin in private." Bill Rigney, who managed Latins on the Giants and who now handles more of them with the Angels, says, "You have to be a diplomat. You can't do anything to hurt their feelings. You have to get through to them. With José Cardenal [who came to the Angels from the Giants with a "hard to handle" reputation], we used Vic Power to open him up." On the Twins, Coach Billy Martin has made Shortstop Zoilo Versalles, a Cuban, his special project this year, and Versalles' improved play shows Martin's progress. "You have got to handle them gently but firmly," Martin says. "If they respect and like you, they will do anything for you. But when their pride gets hurt they are much more emotional than Americans."

Baseball may be a team sport, but to the dismay of American baseball men, Latins sometimes play with a reckless individuality. Indeed it is the individuality in baseball that they like. "The great appeal of the game to the Latin is the chance to show himself," says Canel. "Essentially, baseball is a duel between two men, the pitcher and the batter. Latins realize that baseball is a team effort technically, but for every player there is that moment for individual glory, to hit a home run, to win the game or the chance to strike out a guy with the bases loaded."

This season the A's were once trailing the Orioles by three runs in the last of the ninth. Bert Campaneris was on second, another runner was on first and Ken Harrelson, the A's best long-ball hitter, was up with only one out. Suddenly Campaneris took off for third and was easily thrown out, killing the rally. Manager Haywood Sullivan seethed and said nothing, but the next day Hank Bauer of the Orioles commented, "I know why he tried to steal that base. He's leading the league in stolen bases, and he wanted more. He's also out to break Aparicio's high of 57."

Buck Canel points out that there is one essential technique in winning the Latins' loyalty. "You have to give them a pat on the back once in a while," he says. "A *physical* pat. A pat on the back, that touch of the hand, means a lot more than 1,000 words. That pat is the spirit of friendliness, and that touch of your hand makes a Latin feel all right. It makes him say to himself, 'I'm in a strange land, I'm a ballplayer and I'm doing all right.' Give the Latin that pat and say, '*Hola, viejo. ¿Comó te va?*' which means, 'Hello, old man, how's it going?' and he eats it up."

Alex Pompez agrees. In fact, he has patted so many Latins that he finds himself, to his sharp embarrassment, unable to break the habit here. "Say I'm walking around New York looking for a street address," says Pomp. "I ask a policeman the way. He tells me, I say, 'Thank you, officer,' and then I reach out and give him two little pats on the arm. It's a habit I want to get rid of here." When Pomp goes to sign a Latin prospect he lets himself go, emotionally, in Spanish. "The words just pop out of my mouth!" he exclaims. "I'm like a medium. I get a blessing. I go to the mothers and fathers and I say, 'Every team has money to offer. But no team has a man like me! Your boy go with the Giants, and I look after him. Your boy get sick, I see he get better. With the other clubs no one speak Spanish. He might die, and no one give him a tumble!' So the mother says, 'I want my boy to go with the Giants because I know that Pompez will take care of him.'" Such persuasiveness has helped the Giants to land Marichal, Cepeda and the three Alou brothers.

In the majors Latin Americans generally stay together. A number of clubs put the Latins next to one another in the locker room, but this can annoy them. As Vic Power, an uninhibited Puerto Rican, says, "They like to be together, but they have to do it themselves. If you put them together, you are prejudiced. They have a complex. They think the world is against them. If a pitcher throws close to them, they think he is throwing at them. They stick together. The Puerto Ricans stick with the Puerto Ricans, and the Cubans run around with Cubans. But as a group, they are very sentimental."

Before the last All-Star Game, Power tried to tell the other Latins on the Angels how to vote. "They wanted to vote for Felix Mantilla. I asked them, 'Don't you think Bobby Richardson is a better second baseman?' They said, 'Yes, but Mantilla is one of us. And we have to vote for Campaneris.'"

Before a game, Latins from opposing clubs like to meet at the batting cage.

continued

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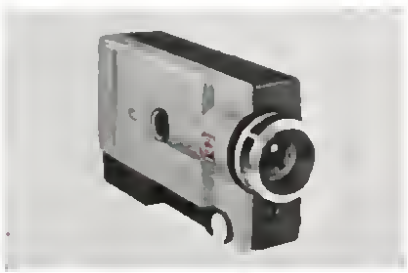

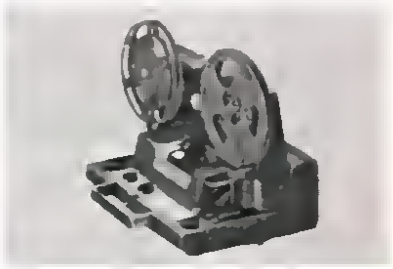

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Summer Upset? Cool it!

"We just talk fun," says Cepeda. "How you say, 'kick it around.' It's a nice feeling to meet the friends that talk your language and that you have gone up through the minor leagues with." Unfortunately for the Latins in the National League, the league office has ordered them to stop this pregame socializing, citing the nonfraternization rule. Cepeda says he was told there was a danger of players revealing signals, but he wonders if perhaps someone who could not understand Spanish made the ruling out of ignorance.

Language is one of the bonds holding the Latins together. "As long as you speak Spanish, you're in the clan," says Al McBean. The boundaries of the clan bend at times to include a non-Latin who is *simpático* (such as White Sox Coach Ray Berres, known as *nariz de aguja*—needle nose) or who speaks Spanish. Most Latins still have great difficulty with English. In the old days Griffith used to farm out Cubans by dropping them off at the Washington railroad station with signs saying "Springfield, Mass." around their necks. When Angel Scull, former Senator farmhand, first started out in the minors he had the disconcerting habit of yelling when a fly ball was hit, "I've got it! You take it!" Ed Lopat, pitching coach for the A's, says, "I know from trying to work with Latin pitchers that unless they speak good English, it's just about impossible to tell them what they are doing wrong, what they are doing right and what they ought to improve. They nod their heads at you and maybe even smile, but you know you just aren't getting through to them 90% of the time." Freddie Frederico, trainer for the Angels, recalls when Felix Torres tried to tell him something about his throwing arm. "I worked on his left arm for a couple of days before I discovered he was right-handed," Frederico says.

Race is another factor that tends to keep Latins together. Colored Latins are often upset by the discrimination they encounter when they first come to the States. Vic Power's brother could not take it and went back home. Power fought back in his own way. Once when he was questioned for jaywalking, he explained, "I saw the white people crossing with the green light, so I crossed with the red one." In a restaurant a waiter told him, "We don't serve colored people here." "That's all right," said Power, "I don't like to eat them." Between themselves Latins kid about skin color. A light-skinned player might tell a dark-skinned one that he cooked in the oven too long or that he was born at midnight. No offense is taken, even when the remark is made by a white Latin.

The two principal hangouts for Latins in the majors are Tonitas restaurant in Los Angeles and El Rancho Grande in New York. El Rancho is a sort of Latin Toots Shor's. It draws many American players besides Latins. Patsy Alvarez, the proprietor, is an old crony of Al Lopez. They grew up together in Tampa, where Alvarez boxed under the name of The Patent Leather Kid because he has hair like patent leather. Pictures of players line the walls, and on occasion romance has even blossomed in the restaurant. "Right here, in this booth, Luis Aparicio met Sonia!" Alvarez exclaimed recently, while supervising the preparation of roast pig in garlic sauce for a Houston rookie. Alvarez knows the favorite dish of every player, and the players often go into the kitchen themselves to select the ingredients for a meal. "Cepeda goes for *Asopao de Marisco*, seafood saute, a real Puerto Rican dish," says Alvarez. "Now comes in Pizarro. Pizarro goes for that roast pig in garlic sauce. Now Aparicio goes for tacos. The Chicago team! What you theenk they eat? Black beans, tacos and fried rice!" Alvarez buys his plantains, cooking bananas, from Marichal's uncle, who has an import tropical-vegetable business in uptown Manhattan at East 111th Street and Park Avenue. Recently Alvarez asked Marichal to ask his uncle if he could get a discount; the uncle agreed.

Of the Latin American countries, Cuba has supplied the most ballplayers to the majors. Eight Latins were selected for the All-Star Game this year, and four of them were Cubans. For the last four years, however, Castro has kept Cuba sealed off from the U.S. and the imperialist major leagues. Cuban expatriates and scouts estimate that there are about 20 big-league prospects in Cuba now, but the only way they can get out is by boat on a dark night. Not one Cuban player in the majors has returned to Cuba, and the controlled press ignores them. "The players are in constant touch with relatives in Cuba with letters and phone calls," says Jess Losada, a broadcaster for the Miami-based Free Cuba Sports Union. "They send a lot of packages, mostly medicines, sometimes clothing. Most of the packages get through. It's a strange situation. Cuba is bitter at the athletes, but it doesn't take it out on the relatives. None go back to visit, though. They'd never get back out."

Expatriate players have not been politically active against Castro because, Losada says, "Organized baseball told them not to, and they follow the rules." One Miami radio station, WFAB, beams a half-hour sports program into Cuba every evening, and the sports director, Emilio Cabrera, who played for the Havana Sugar Kings, interviews a Cuban player every night, either in person or by beeper phone. Cabrera gets about 14 letters a week from Cuba, and they make it obvious that baseball news from the U.S. is suppressed within the country. "However, we don't get too much jamming during the sports program," says a WFAB official. "It's when there is news on government issues or when we editorialize that they jam."

Among Latins, Cubans have the reputation for being fussy and noisy extroverts who are quick to address a new acquaintance by the intimate *tú* instead of the formal *usted*. Pompez says, "The Cubans are what you call happy-go-lucky, *felicianos*. The ones who give me the most trouble are the Cuban boys. They are not bad in their hearts. They are very alive." Patsy Alvarez, part Cuban himself, sighs in mock despair when Cuban players pile into El Rancho. "They blow their tops," he says. "So I go to them and I say, 'Yentlemen, control yourself! Have a beer on Al Lopez!' "

Dominicans are more reserved and formal, even though their politics may be tumultuous. But *beisbol* rates ahead of politics any day. "People put baseball even before food," says a rebel leader in dismay. "When the winter season is on here you can't get them away from the ball parks or their transistors. If this had been the winter baseball season, this revolution would not have lasted a week." Despite whatever measures the OAS may take, both warring factions in Santo Domingo are literally counting on the winter league to start in October to give a provisional government a breathing spell. Rafael Trujillo, the late strongman, used baseball to divert the masses. Once he cabled his ambassador at the United Nations that he wanted to

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hire Canel to broadcast Dominican ballgames, no matter what the cost. Canel declined.

If it had not been for politics, Marichal probably would have been a Yankee instead of a Giant. Professor Jose Seda of the University of Puerto Rico visited the Dominican Republic on a scouting trip for New York and saw two outstanding young prospects, Pedro Gonzales and Marichal. He wanted to sign both of them, but he was bluntly told that although he could have Gonzales for the Yankees, Marichal at that time had been promised to the Escogido club by a devoted fan, Ramfis Trujillo, the dictator's son.

The great baseball rivalry in the Dominican Republic is between Escogido and Licey. Don Hoak, the former third baseman who is now broadcasting Pirate games, recalls that he played for Escogido in 1955, after being on the World Champion Dodgers. Inasmuch as Hoak had a Series share in hand, he demanded almost impossible terms from the Dominicans, including a handsome salary to be paid in advance and participation limited to only 30 games. Escogido agreed, and the team did very well. After every victory in which Hoak played, he was draped with flowers by enthusiastic fans. "We won the pennant in the 30th game I played in," Hoak says. "I didn't know there was a playoff after the pennant, and so I got on an airplane to go home. The plane started to warm up, but then the pilot cut the engines. A man from General Trujillo's office came on board and said, 'The general wants to see you.' I went with him. The general asked me, 'Where do you think you're going?' I told him I was going home. He said, 'No you're not. You're going to play.' I played."

Puerto Ricans are as reserved as Dominicans but more sensitive to slights. "They are sensitive in that they hurt easily," says Canel. "But then they are very quick to forgive." With Cuba out of professional ball, Puerto Rico now plays about the best brand. Puerto Ricans follow their major league countrymen very closely, and so do Puerto Ricans in New York, who revel in the achievements of Clemente, Cepeda and other *Boricuas*. Interest in baseball is so intense among New York's 800,000 Latins that there are more than 30 Spanish-speaking leagues in the city. In Brooklyn there is *la liga Luis Olmo*, named for the old Dodger, and there are other leagues named for Roberto Clemente, Julian Javier and Perucho Cepeda, the father of Orlando and a man who is held in esteem back home as the Babe Ruth of the island.

Virgin Islanders, properly speaking, are not Latins—the U.S. and Great Britain each own a part—but in the majors they generally associate with the Latins or American Negroes. Ballplayers are much esteemed in the islands. The Virgins have a population of only 38,000, but they have 18 players in organized ball in the States, the highest per capita of any country anywhere. Valmy Thomas, former Giant catcher, is still almost as much of a celebrity as he was when Government House gave him a reception and St. Croix declared a holiday. Unlike Latins, Virgin Islanders are not temperamental but the opposite, unflappable. They have an almost Oriental imperturbability, are closemouthed and speak softly, when they do speak. "I got kidded about my British accent," says Al McBean. "It made me angry. But pretty soon I could see that they didn't mean anything bad."

In Venezuela and Panama players are equally celebrated. The one country that does not put players on a pedestal is Mexico, which supplies very few players to begin with. Mexico has a population of 39 million, but only a few players have made the big leagues. Reasons advanced by baffled scouts include poor diet, interest in other sports and homesickness. One of the rare Mexicans to make the majors is Ruben Amaro, the Phillies shortstop, who, it happens, is half Cuban. "No professional sport is as highly regarded in Mexico as it is in the U.S.," says Amaro. "A doctor, a lawyer, an engineer has more respect than any baseball player. I have a brother here who is a doctor, and everywhere we go people say, 'This is Ruben Amaro's brother.' But back home, when people see me, they say, 'Ah, there goes Dr. Amaro's brother.'"

Interest in baseball in South America follows a sort of sociological isobar along the borders of Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela. This month Pomp is off to Colombia to scout an infielder he likes. In fact, the day may soon come when Pomp tours Brazil and countries even farther south for major league material. The march of the new conquistadores has just begun. END

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PART 3: THE JOYS OF TROUBLE

SEEING THROUGH SOME DIRTY LIES

BY ARNOLD PALMER

A man renowned for his bold trouble shots shows the brave how to hit off hard ground, over trees, off sides of hills, out of holes and through a fringe

LEARN THE BARE FACTS

If there is one situation in golf that makes the weekend player want to give his clubs to the Salvation Army and take up water polo, it is the prospect of having to hit a wedge off hardpan. He feels sure there is nothing in the world to keep him from either scooping the shot two feet or blading it 30 yards over the green.

Now make the situation really tough—which it usually is. The ball is sitting on bare dirt, the pin is close behind a steep-walled bunker, and you must get down in two—no worse than three—or be sent to Devil's Island. Almost any golfer, other than a pro, would as soon find his ball in an alligator's mouth. I have seen desperate players go at this shot in a variety of ways, almost all of them wrong. They will try to use a putter and run the ball through the bunker; they will use a choked-down three-iron and attempt the same thing; they will try to clip the ball with a nine-iron or eight-iron, praying that it will somehow stop when it clears the bunker; they will hood the face of a pitching wedge and try to stab the shot, which is the surest way in the world to scoop the ball or blade it.

The wedge must hit ball and dirt at same time.

Next time do it my way. As calmly as possible get out the one club in your bag you might never have thought of, the sand wedge, for it is the only club that can bring off the result you seek. The sand wedge gives you the extra weight on the underside of the blade that you need to bounce the ball up from the dirt, avoiding the scoop, and it has the grooves to provide the necessary spin to stop the shot within reasonable distance of the pin.

Assume the stance normally used for any short pitch shot, playing the ball back toward the right toe, and swing normally. It may help to imagine that the target is roughly 10 yards beyond the point where the pin actually is situated. Connect with the ball and the dirt at the same time, and use a normal pitch-shot follow-through. Keep in mind that it is better to be long than short; better to have a long putt than to land in the bunker and have no putt at all—which is what will happen if you leave the ball short.

The sand wedge is a mighty weapon and, although it is a club designed for use in a bunker, it is perfect for the pitch shot off hard ground. Get to know it better and save yourself some anguish.

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The backswing (left) for shot off bare dirt is the same as for normal pitch, and the sand wedge gets ball up quickly (above). Notice how steady head remains through impact.

CONTINUED

ONE TO LOOK UP ON

Just as in mountain climbing, there is a time in golf when the only way you can go is up—straight up. This most commonly happens when you have hit an approach shot far off line and are confronted with a cluster of tall trees that block you from the green. There is obviously only *one* way to get there: up and over.

I don't know what everybody did in the days before the pitching wedge was invented, but I would imagine in cases like this there was either general moaning or else the old pros could do things with a niblick that I never heard of. So, to start with, take out your pitching wedge. Play the ball about the middle of a wide-open stance. Lay the blade of the wedge so open that it looks almost like a pancake fastened to the end of a long stick. The opened blade should face the flagstick. Your hands should be behind the ball. Finally, take a big, long swing, sweeping right under the ball, and end up with an equally big follow-through, one that will accentuate the lift. Do it right, and you will have hit the one golf shot that really makes you look up.

This is a shot you should practice a little in order to learn how quickly the ball will get up, and how high. The results are going to surprise you, because the ball will climb a lot faster than you think. Exactly how open you lay the blade and how strong a swing you take depends on the closeness of the trees and how far you want to hit the shot. To give you some idea, I would say for a shot which must rise at least 70 feet vertically, you should be able to count on getting 75 to 100 yards of horizontal distance. The faster you have to get the ball up, of course, the less distance you can get.

For the shot that must rise high and fast, open club face wide (left) and have hands back of normal position.

The backswing (above) is long and easy, and there is a very big follow-through as ball is swept into the air.

CONTINUED

This is one of the game's most awkward lies. The club must be choked way down, which shortens the arc of the swing and therefore limits distance.

THE WRONG SLANTS

You slam a tee shot down the middle of the fairway, you feel great, and then you find the ball has somehow stopped on an awful slope. It is time to do something—aside from cry about your luck. First, there is one basic law that I have for playing any type of shot from a slant, be it downhill, uphill, sidehill, standing in a bunker or in a carrot garden: take one club more than normal, say the five-iron instead of the six.

Now what? Let's assume the shot is an uphill lie. Routine. Obviously, you take one club more here because you are going to hit the ball higher than usual. Play the ball in the middle of the stance in an effort to get the shot a trifle lower, and aim slightly to the right of the green, because the tendency is to pull the ball. The best way to play a downhill lie is toward the right center of the stance, again using one more club than usual since this shot figures to slice—which means less distance. Naturally, allow for the slice when you aim.

Much more intriguing are the sidehill shots, those beauties where you find yourself reaching down like a man with a rake or up like a man pruning a hedge. When the ball is below your feet it will almost certainly slice, so, once more, choose a little more club and allow for the slice. Play the ball back, and flex the knees just a fraction. This sitting-down effect will help your balance, putting your weight back on your heels. But don't exaggerate the position. If you do, you will shank.

For the shot that makes you reach up, grip the club shorter because, clearly enough, the ball is closer to you. And again you must take a club with more distance, this time because you are choking down on the grip. Most of your weight has to be forward, and you should aim to the right of the target, since this shot will often be pulled. Occasionally you get lies with really sharp angles, as beside a bunker, but you just follow the same principles, remembering that you will not hit this kind of shot more than 150 yards or so.

I might add that you should take a close look at every lie. A lot of lies are deceiving, and little hills make big differences in how a ball flies. You don't have to be playing on Mount Rushmore to have a shot ruined by a slope.

If ball is on far side of a divot, club face must be closed to get toe of club through grass.

A shot from near side of the divot requires opening the club face to allow for uneven lie.

THE DIVOT DILEMMA

If you hit a thousand bags of practice balls intentionally trying to land in a lonely unrepaired divot down the fairway, you probably would not come close. But just hit one shot during an actual round, and there you are—smack in a canyon left by some inconsiderate player up ahead. Amazing, isn't it? It happens to us all, and it happens so often I am beginning to think most golfers are physically unable to bend over and pick up the chunks of turf that their iron shots have torn out of the fairway. But that is another subject. The only way that you can surely solve the situation is to know how to hit good shots out of divots.

The best way to approach the problem is to understand right off that you are not going to have to hit some kind of trick shot to get the ball up in the air. The extra something you may try to put into such a shot will only result in making you scoop it or cause you to stump your club behind it—a complete miss right there in front of God, caddie, opponents and dogwood.

My method for playing out of divots is fairly simple. I take my normal swing, since the loft of the club is ample to get the ball up even though your mind may be trying to tell you that it isn't. But I do consciously remind myself that I have to take a very firm grip on the club and that I am going to have to swing strongly through the shot.

So much for the usual divot shot, but things can get more complicated. For example, there is the situation where the ball is up against the far side of the divot, and then the opposite, where the ball is on the near side. With these, you have got to think about how much the impact might jar the club face. Therefore I close the face somewhat if the ball is on the far side of the divot, and open it some if the ball is on the near side. How much the club should be opened or closed depends, of course, on the hardness of the turf, the depth of the divot and the distance desired. Above all, keep the grip firm and the swing firm, because the part of the club that is coming into the grass will tend to catch and cause a slight twisting of the club face. A firm grip prevents this twisting. Now hit the shot and set off on a firm search for the guy who left the divot there in the first place.

CONTINUED

When the ball is tight against the fringe of the green, place the putter down only as far as it will go without getting itself entangled in the long grass.

The backswing should be much longer than for a normal putt of the same distance, and the follow-through as short as possible, setting up jabbing action

ON THE GREEN— AND GOOD LUCK

When you hit a poor shot and wind up in trouble, you do not have much to complain about. But when you hit the green and are in trouble, well, that is like being sent to prison for a crime you did not commit. Yet it happens often. What I am talking about is the putt that you cannot stroke properly because it has wound up half on the green and half off. It is right up against the fringe. You cannot get the putter down squarely behind the ball, and when you first try to take a smooth backstroke the club gets caught in the grass. Just when you had the hole practically defeated, fate seems to be demanding a three-putt green.

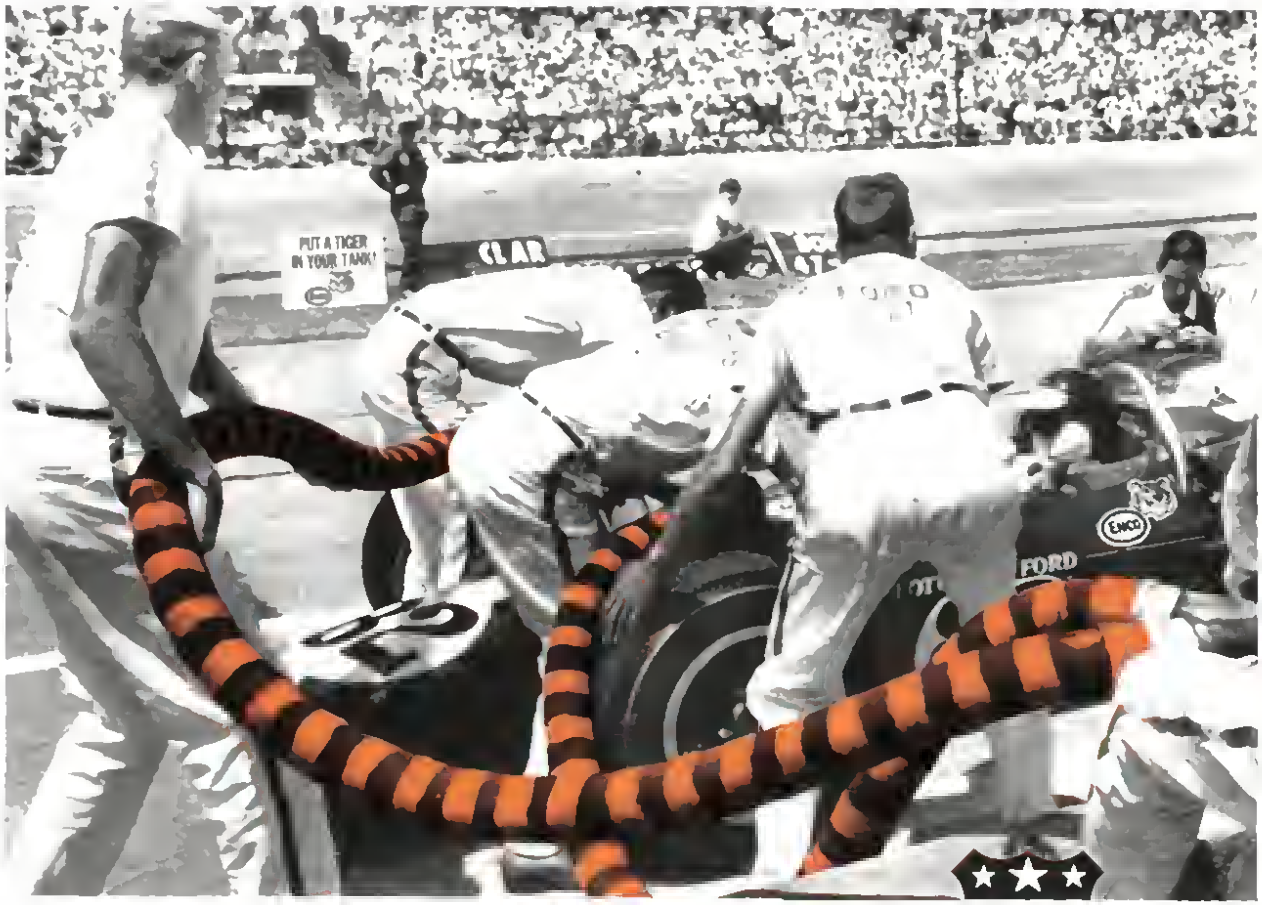
But you can conquer fate as well as the golf course. Begin by seeing exactly how low you can get the putter behind the ball without really mashing down the grass—which would be illegal. Say you can get a firm rap at half of the ball. That is good enough.

Since this is an unusual shot, you must take a rather unusual putting stroke. A long, slow backstroke followed by a jabbing motion will do the job. You must come down sharply into the ball, since you have to guard against coming into the putt as low as you normally would in order to keep the putter blade from catching in the fringe. What you need is the jab putt—Bob Rosburg style. This means that you stop the stroke at the instant of impact. There is no following-through with the putter toward the hole. This, by the way, is one trouble shot that you should practice regularly, because they are just never going to mow down that silly fringe.

So now I have taken you through about every kind of trouble, from water to woods to sand to the edge of the green. Let me sum it up by restating what I feel are the two most important principles concerning trouble on a golf course, two things you must remember.

First: trouble is bad to get into but fun to get out of.

Second: if you can see the ball you can probably hit it, and if you can hit it you can move it, and if you can move it you might be able to hole it out. So try. It is the trying that is fun. **END**



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PEOPLE

Boxer **Cassius Clay**-Muhammad Ali and Writer **Norman Mailer**, each of whom has established his preeminence in his own field to his own satisfaction, competed at San Juan for acclaim as world's greatest in another endeavor—hand wrestling. Both were in San Juan for the Jose Torres-Tom McNeeley nontitle fight. Mailer, a close friend of Torres, had seen Clay KO a picture of Jose in the San Jeronimo Hilton lobby and had rebuked him. "Let's settle this thing right here," barked Clay. So he did (*below*).

John McKay, Southern California football coach, is an avid golfer without much time to practice. The other day, however, he was able to sneak out to the course with some staff members. McKay was just about to hit a wood shot when aide Craig Fertig, last year's Trojan quarterback, stopped him. "Don't hit from there, Coach," Fertig said. "That's the ladies' tee. The men's tee is about 50 yards behind you." "Mind your own business, rookie," shot back McKay. "It took me three to get here."

In the era of the seven-hour doubleheader and the 45-minute inning, a 107-minute complete game is remarkable. But then **Bill Faul**, Cub pitcher who shut out Pittsburgh 5-0 on three hits and 76 pitches, is a remarkable young man. Faul, you see, has long been a devotee of hypnosis. "I lie down, put myself into a twilight trance and keep telling myself to keep the ball low, throw hard and not get tired," he explains. Besides being a licensed master hypnotist, Faul has a few other things going for him if a batter retaliates with the evil eye. A karate instructor in the Air Force, he has his feet and hands registered as deadly weapons. He is also a degree-holding Doctor of Divinity who preaches for the Universal Christian Church.

General John J. (Black Jack) Pershing once wore one. Every doughboy in World War I wore one. Douglas MacArthur and Dwight Eisenhower wore them. James Cagney, when portraying George M. Cohan, wore one. Lord Baden-Powell, Dan Beard and generations of other boy scouts wore them. Forest Service men, Rangers, state troopers and county sheriffs still wear them. But when an Army surplus store in Albuquerque advertised its campaign hats to present-day customers, did it ring in General Pershing or the Mounties? No. The store described the hats as the kind worn by well-known conservationist **Smokey the Bear**. Fame is where you find it.

Cleveland Brown Quarterback **Frank Ryan**, who helped skipper a Luders 16 to second place in a regatta at New Orleans' Southern Yacht Club, came away from the race impressed. "It's a lot different from reading defenses," he said. "You can't see the wind."

"I like to have different reasons for my parties," said **Miss Corinne Calvet**, explaining why she invited a wrestling bear as guest of honor at her latest gala. "I thought it would be fun to see some of the Hollywood musclemen test their strength against the bear." Only two men at the Beverly Hills poolside party volunteered for the fun. Actor Mike Carr went 15 minutes with Victor the Great (that's the bear) before being pinned, and "my guy Donald Scott" (Scott Paper heir) lasted 12 minutes. After he had bested all comers, Victor took a swim in Corinne's pool. "He's such a sweet thing," breathed Miss Calvet admiringly.

Joe Finger pointed to the twin pine standing in the middle of the 18th fairway of the Concord Hotel's new Catskill golf course. "How do you like that tree right where it is?" the course's proud designer asked **Tommy Bolt**. Bolt stared at the obstacle briefly and balefully. "It's the perfect spot," he said, "from which to hang the architect."

Director **Stanley Kramer**, in Europe to complete French and German dubbing for *Ship of Fools*, confessed he had one sticky problem. French and German equivalents are hard to come by for a line Lee Marvin keeps repeating. "I never could hit a curve ball over the outside corner."

When *Texas Football* magazine sponsored a contest to predict the final 1965 Southwest Conference football standings, it presumably was not expecting the very first entry to be that of an Austin housewife named **Mrs. Darrell Royal**. Mrs Royal's husband predicts that she will win, too. "She's pretty uncanny at predicting things," Mr Royal says. "I remember in 1961 she told me we were going to go 9-1 and lose to TCU. Our only defeat that year was a 6-0 loss to TCU." Darrell hopes his wife is as accurate in 1965. She picked Texas to win the championship.

Comedian **Jonathan Winters** (*below*), an Ohioan who spends lots of time in California and New York, unaccountably fished for the Pennsylvania Anglers Club in the Bermuda Light Tackle Tournament and finished 22nd in the individual standings with 14 fish totaling 81 pounds. Since Winters' Penn pals finished 13th and 19th, his group placed seventh in the team standings, despite a plot by Mayor Jimmy Fox of Pacifica, Calif. Fox officially declared Winters an honorary citizen of California and claimed half his points for the California team.

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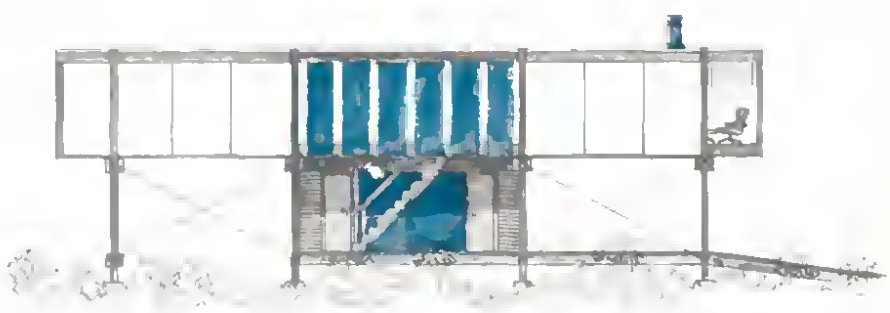
THE BEACH HOUSE MADE OF ALUMINUM SANDWICHES

The raft in the picture at left may be the most unusual craft to be launched since the three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl. It is made of two panels of Alcoa's Alply, which consists of polystyrene foam core sandwiched between two sheets of aluminum and covered with a baked-enamel finish that is guaranteed for 20 years. Alply was developed three years ago for use in refrigerated-truck bodies. Its first-rate insulating qualities soon attracted builders of freezer warehouses and incubators, but it remained for Don Moss, an artist and a sportsman, to adapt the panels to construction of a beach house—not to mention a raft. When Moss, whose drawings of his aluminum-sandwich beach house follow, decided to build on Fire Island, New York, he sought a material that would resist salt water, need little or no maintenance, be well insulated and at the same time lightweight for ease in shipping. The Alply panels fitted these requirements perfectly. They also lent themselves to an architectural plan developed by Moss and Architect Richard Zegler that featured strong horizontals and verticals deliberately emphasized by wooden beams in the Japanese way. Moss used 3,000 square feet of paneling at a materials cost of $5,250

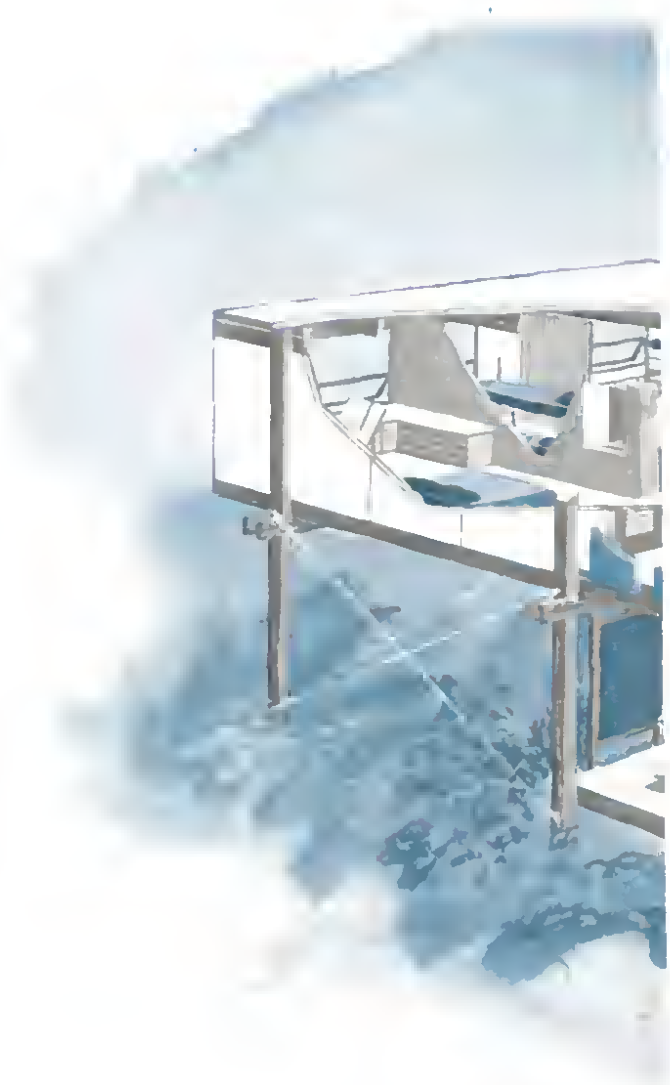


The Moss children, Don Jr., 14, and his sisters Elisabeth, 9, and Margaret, 7, have joined two panels of the sort used in their new beach house on Fire Island to make a raft. The material is immune to corrosion by salt water

MARVIN E. NEWMAN

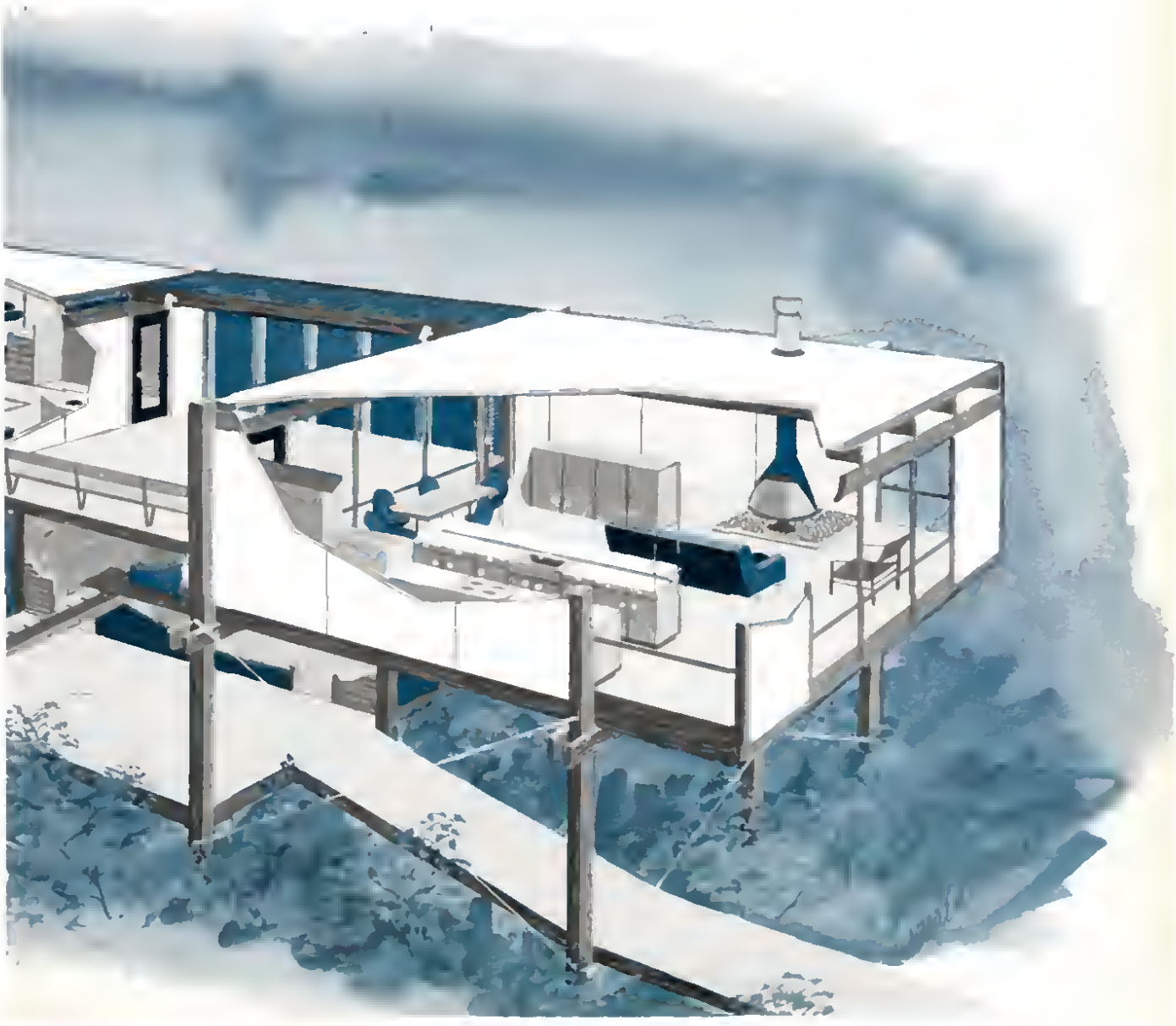
CONTINUED

The 500-square foot deck (above) is open to the sky and divides the sleeping quarters from the living area. The kitchen is placed well to the right to allow an unobstructed view from the deck straight through the living room to the Fire Island Light. The deck, screened from the wind, extends the sunning season into the spring and the fall. On the other side of the deck are three bedrooms and a bath.



The house, its living and sleeping quarters each 20 by 25 feet, is raised 12 feet above the ground, avoiding Fire Island's ubiquitous sand. Sally Moss also asked for and got two showers and storage space 7½ by 10 feet on ground level. The wall panels are cool to the touch, inside and out, and all white except for the deck-screen units, which are a strong sea blue. Alply panels are enameled in 11 colors and come in lengths up to 18 feet and widths up to five. Don chose a 5-by-8 module weighing 45 pounds rather than the builders' standard 4-by-8. This raised the ceilings and also the price, which came to about $15 a square foot.

Moss is shown installing a panel with the help of the builder, Kurt Helm (right). A completely new system devised by Alcoa was used to join the panels: concealed aluminum extrusions connect adjacent panels, which are sealed with neoprene gaskets. Only a fine line is visible, and the joint is watertight at 50 pounds of pressure per square foot.



BELLINO PACKS POWER IN SMALL FRAME

Another good Joe for the AFL

The Jets have Namath, now the Patriots have Bellino. Their presence in a rookie game drew a crowd that split the seams of the stadium

If this is success," muttered one of the players near the bench, "it's ridiculous." He wasn't *on* the bench because there were spectators standing on it to see over the spectators who were standing right behind the players. Not behind them, actually. Among them. Mixing in. Making conversation. Sticking their eager heads into the intimate sideline huddles of coaches and players. There were so many people pinched into this little high school stadium in Lowell, Mass. the other night that a guy in a wheelchair with a ticket in his hand was told to go away because he could get killed in there. One eager group broke down a gate and poured through, and nobody knows how many people eventually got inside, because the place only seats 11,000 and the people sitting down were the minority.

The opposing coaches, Mike Holovak of the Boston Patriots and Weeb Ewbank of the New York Jets, were coaching on the field in the second half—actually *on* the field, because they could not see from anywhere else. The playing field was irregular by that time, narrowed by the fans. An old-fashioned Tennessee single-wing power sweep would have wiped out 20 people.

In the formative years (all those years preceding this bright, promising one) American Football League preseason exhibition games only half-filled the same stadium. This time it was not even a varsity game, only a contest of rookies, but the critical difference was that two of the rookies were named Namath and Bellino. Followers of American finance know Joe Namath to be the Alabama quarterback who got $400,000 to become a New York Jet. After this game in Lowell, the first for Namath as a working pro, the Jets were calling it a pittance, a real steal, because Namath obviously draws people—right over the ramparts of the team bench, it would seem—and performs with the sure grace and cool facility of a five-year man. He passed for two touchdowns and directed the team well (the Jets won 23–6), and only later, privately, while the team doctor who is never far removed from that knee (SI, Feb. 8) fussed over him, did Namath show the pain that he does not publicly admit to. The knee, rewoven by surgery, apparently will hold up. Namath was hit at least four good shots during the game. But he will play in pain for some time. In the meantime he informs onrushing linemen that he has released a pass by yelling, "Whoa, baby, baby, baby, *whoa!*"

What then, of Bellino? If a poll had been taken at Lowell it probably would have shown that Bellino was of more concern to the crowd than Namath, because he was, first of all, one of them (a graduate of nearby Winchester High, class of '56) and because here he was a rookie at the advanced age of 27, trying to do what has been presumed—and more or less proved—to be impossible. In 1960 Bellino won the Heisman Trophy playing halfback for the U.S. Naval Academy—an exciting little (5 feet 9, 184 pounds) back with unusually large calves that gave him immense acceleration and flashing moves, and the sure hands of a first-rate pass catcher. But between Annapolis and the Patriots, except for that fall in 1963 when he squeezed in three games with the Providence Steamrollers while waiting around Newport for Navy orders, Bellino would scarcely have known if he were in the same county with a football. They were four years spent on the decks of a destroyer and a minesweeper patrolling off places like Guantanamo Bay during the blockade of Cuba and in the South China Sea—close enough to Vietnam to hear small-arms fire—and he tried to keep in shape by playing basketball and handball. Many great players have come out of the service academies, but most choose not to return to civilian life (Doc Blanchard and Pete Dawkins, for example), and those who do and try pro football do not ordinarily regain their greatness (Glenn Davis, Ron Beagle, Bob Anderson).

The Patriots did not count on Bellino's return, but they put in a lot of expensive hoping. "We drafted him in 1960 on a hunch, really, that Mike Holovak and I shared," says Billy Sullivan, the club president. "We didn't know if we would ever get him, but we weren't about to give up until Joe said no. We kept in close contact. Then last January we started talking terms, and Joe made his decision. Once when he called from Sasebo, Japan, we talked about an hour. Cost $400. That's nothing when you get a guy like this."

Bellino reported at 181, three pounds under his playing weight, but almost immediately there were sounds out of Mike Holovak that sounded suspiciously like encomiums. "I'm amazed," Holovak said one afternoon a few days later, stripped to his socks and sitting in front of his locker. Twice that afternoon Bellino had slipped past one of the Patriots' best defenders to catch passes. "Joe looks better than I thought possible. He can run at full speed, stop, then take off at full speed again. Listen," he said, "you have to say this is a great natural talent, a great one."

There was speculation that Bellino, considerably smaller than the classic pro running back, would wind up as a flanker, or perhaps as a kick-return specialist, or even in the defensive backfield, but already Holovak was talking about starting him at running back with Babe Parilli, the league's best quarterback, and Fullback Larry Garron against Buffalo on opening day, September 11. "He told me it will take him about six games to get ready," Holovak said. "That's perfect. We've got six exhibitions. We'll work him sparingly at first, give him the time he needs." In his mind's eye Billy Sullivan was seeing long lines of people outside Fenway Park beating at the doors with fists of money to see Bellino play.

The rookie game with the Jets came six days after Bellino began practice. On the afternoon of the game, right after lunch in the dining hall of Andover Academy, where the Patriots train, Bellino got into the Buick Skylark a Boston dealer had loaned him and drove to the Friendly Ice Cream Shop. He said he'd like to get up to 184 pounds and a dish of walnut ice cream wouldn't hurt. He settled into a booth, relaxed.

"I enjoyed the Navy," he said. "I

continued

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mean it when I say I left with mixed emotions. I didn't quit just to play professional football. But after four years I decided the Navy did not quite fit my natural abilities. And I always seemed to be someplace else whenever there was a family crisis. I'm a family man. I really love my family. But when my mother-in-law was killed in an accident I was in Japan. When my son was stillborn I was off the coast of Brazil. It was a very helpless feeling. Now Ann, my wife, is expecting another baby in October, and she's having a little trouble. There's an Rh factor. I want to be right there with her the whole time until that baby's born."

Bellino raked his dish with the tiny spoon and put it aside.

"Size," he said. "They keep talking about my size. Well, I'm used to that. If I don't make it it won't be because of my size. This is a chance that comes along just once, and I didn't think it would come for me. I won't be careless and let it slip away. I've worked, and I'll work harder. So far it has been fine. The moves are coming back. The long layoff hasn't helped, but it could have been worse."

Bellino drove back to his room at the Andover Inn, read his mail (one well-wisher writing from an insane asylum said it was nice to have Joe back) and then lay across the bed, staring at the ceiling and thinking it all over. "I feel I've done the right thing," he said. "I know I wouldn't change the past 10 years. People said I was foolish to go to the academy, with the chance I had to make a lot of money in professional football or baseball [he was a catcher]. A major league baseball club offered me $75,000 when I was having trouble with my studies at Annapolis. I was about to resign. My father told me, 'Joe, I've got five sons and a daughter, and I could not afford to put them through college. I want you to finish.' My dad never had a lot of money. Seventy-five thousand was a lot. I figured if he didn't want it, all that money, I didn't want it."

Joe drove to Lowell for the game with Jim Marcellino, a defensive back from Holy Cross. Marcellino is also a rookie, but he is five years younger than Bellino.

"O.K., Little," said Marcellino, "watch the road signs. You don't want to get lost in your own state."

"Look who's calling who Little," said

Bellino. "I could eat peas off your head. What are you, five-ten?"

"The guys started calling him Little right away, except for Red Dawson," said Marcellino. "Dawson calls him Swabbie. Say, Joe, how's your wife?"

"Fine, just fine. Saw her this morning. She's in the hospital, you know. In Boston."

"Anybody from Winchester coming to the game?"

"I hear they sold over a thousand tickets. Everybody's coming. Here, Jimmy, want a Rolaide?"

"No. I've got mints. You nervous, Joe? I'm nervous as hell."

"I don't get real nervous," said Bellino, calm behind the wheel. "I mean sick to my stomach or anything. I'm anxious though. I want to play."

In the stadium parking lot people who recognized Bellino yelled to him, and one man stopped him to say they had met when Joe was on his honeymoon. Joe nodded. At the players' entrance, however, the gatekeeper was incredulous when approached by these two little men.

"I'm Joe Namath," said Bellino.

"Oh," said the man, and opened up.

True to his plan, Holovak used Bellino sparingly. By count, he participated in 10 plays. On the first Boston running play of the game, Bellino cut back off right tackle, head up, those great legs making the quick, darting moves vital in close company. He gained five yards. On the next series he gained two more when there was no hole. Then he caught a swing pass to the left, behind the linebacker and in front of the halfback, slipping deftly between them, and ran for 13 yards. In the second half he caught another pass for 15 yards, followed good blocking around right end on a 13-yard run and ran for three at right tackle. Twice he was overthrown on pass plays.

Bellino looked particularly good on two plays that did not produce anything. On a long pass in the second quarter he had a step lead, but the pass was short and hit the defensive back on the shoulder pads. As the two men and the ball came down, Bellino alertly stretched out for it and for a second held on. It would have been a sensational catch, but when he hit the ground the ball bounced free. Later, on a sweep, he ran right past the Jets' left end, sucked the defensive halfback into overcommitting and cut inside, running perilously close to the sideline (and all those people). Three times he was hit solidly before he went down 16 yards upfield. This play was called back, because a Boston guard had jumped off side.

Early in the second half, when it was apparent to him—and to the crowd that kept yelling his name—that he felt ready to play more than Holovak was willing to permit, he volunteered.

"Let's not rush it, Joe," said Holovak. "There's plenty of time. You're doing fine, just fine."

Afterward, driving back to Andover with a friend, Holovak smiled and said just fine wasn't the half of it. "We've got something here," he said. "We've really got something." **END**

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BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT.

Add a fifth to the Bermuda Bowl

East leads" might become headline news in the World Bridge Championship in Venice next year, thanks to an important move by the World Bridge Federation. The application of the Far East Bridge Federation to enter its champion in the competition for the Bermuda Bowl has been accepted, even though this will make the world championship a somewhat awkward five-team competition, requiring a two-week schedule instead of the present nine days.

I am all in favor of making the event truly worldwide, even though it will become more time-consuming and expensive for all the participants, especially when the Far Eastern champion hosts the event for the first time in 1970. The Far East Bridge Federation includes Australia and New Zealand, as well as Asian countries. Only Africa has no federation of its own, although three countries—Israel, Lebanon and the United

North-South vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH
♠ Q J 6 4
♥ A Q 5 4
♦ —
♣ A Q 9 8 4

WEST
♠ K 10 8 5
♥ K 7
♦ K Q 10 9 4
♣ 6 3

EAST
♠ 9 3
♥ 10 3
♦ J 8 5
♣ K J 10 7 5 2

SOUTH
♠ A 7 2
♥ J 9 8 6 2
♦ A 7 6 3 2
♣ —

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♦	DBL.	PASS	2 ♥
PASS	3 ♦	PASS	3 ♥
PASS	4 ♣	PASS	4 ♦
PASS	5 ♥	PASS	5 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: king of diamonds

Arab Republic—are members of the European Bridge League.

Who will represent the Far East in the championship next year, and what sort of account will they give of themselves? The present champion, Indonesia—which also won in 1963—will have to win again next fall to earn a trip to Venice. Last year Indonesia defeated second-place Japan to take the title—a notable achievement, since the Japanese team included two of the top Republic of China players, John Wong and C. S. Wu, who were then Japanese residents. In the interim Wong has taken up residence in the U.S., thereby weakening both of the Far Eastern teams for which he might have been eligible.

Seventeen of the 23 points by which Indonesia defeated Japan in the final round last year 71–48 came on this deal, when the Indonesian declarer brought home a slam while the Japanese player in the same contract was defeated.

The Japanese reached slam on the bidding shown. North hoped that his honors were favorably placed behind West's strength, as was suggested by West's opening bid, but in the play the Japanese declarer took the wrong approach. He ruffed the diamond in dummy, cashed the club ace, discarding a diamond, ruffed a club and ruffed another low diamond. But when he tried to ruff still another club, West overruffed, and the losing spade finesse doomed the slam.

At the other table, with no adverse bidding to guide—or misguide—him, the Indonesian South adopted a better line. He, too, ruffed the diamond in dummy, but his next play was the spade queen. The finesse lost, and a second diamond was returned to South's ace. The heart finesse succeeded, the heart ace dropped the outstanding trumps and South discarded a diamond on the club ace and ruffed a club. He ruffed his fourth diamond in dummy and trumped another club back to his hand.

South hoped that this might drop the king of clubs. That didn't happen, but something else did that was just as good. On the third club lead West had to part with a diamond. And when South then cashed his last trump, West couldn't discard successfully. If he threw a spade, dummy's fourth spade would be high. When he threw a diamond, South's 7 of diamonds became the slam-winning trick. END

THE WHITE HOUSE

THE HAPPY PUNTER OF ALLY PALLY

BY JACK OLSEN

In the peculiar world of British horse racing, where skulduggery flourishes, John Mort Green (alias the Butterfly) earns a fancy living by regularly outwitting the bookies and other bettors

A few minutes before the train reached the racetrack the Butterfly's friend leaned across the table and said, "Oi say, John, d'yer know 'ow to mike a small fortune on the 'orses? Yer start wiv a big fortune!"

John Mort Green, who calls himself the Butterfly, emitted a guffaw that was slightly larger than life, even though he himself had told me the same alleged joke the day before. Still chuckling, the Butterfly returned to the pleasures of his steak and Stilton, his lager and lime, and the green-on-green English countryside flashing by the window. As the train pulled in, the friend leaned forward confidentially and said, "Now, John, be sure to let me know if yer 'ear anything, won't yer?"

"Of course, mite," said the Butterfly in his strident, high-pitched, Australian-accented voice. "You're entitled to know. You'll be the *first* told, private, O.K.? We'll bet well and come home early!"

It is part of the Butterfly's *modus operandi* to collect information and at the same time try to create the impression that he is sharing valuable information in return. This, plus a certain natural Australian joviality, makes him laugh at jokes that he has already heard and appear to enjoy people more than they deserve, while all the time he is listening, always listening. "If they operated on me," he said recently in a moment of candor, "they'd probably find a stomach full of ears." In his business John Mort Green can use every one of them. He is that rarest of all sporting phenomena: the successful professional horseplayer.

On the surface of it (and on the surface is precisely where the Butterfly's life is lived), his is a happy lot. As a London telecast put it a few weeks ago:

"Every punter dreams of easy money, living like a lord. Few ever do, but this man does: John Mort Green, alias Butterfly. Butterfly is 34 years old and lives entirely by gambling. He goes racing six days a week, and sometimes seven. He flies to Paris on a Sunday. Butterfly has a chauffeur-driven Rolls to take him to the track, a luxury flat, Savile Row suits and handmade shoes. He earns an average of £200 a week, and it's all tax-free. He chose to live in Britain because in this country gambling on horses is completely untaxed. Butterfly cashes in. He's a systematic gambler and insists he can stop whenever he wants to."

The American bettor, still blighted by the Damon Runyon pronunciamento about elderly horseplayers, is under the impression that nobody makes a living at the track except jockeys, horses and flamingos. But that is because the American bettor understands only American racing. The English variety is as different as football is from soccer, or Levittown from Hyde Park Corner. In America one fights the pari-mutuels with their relentless one-sixth off the top. In England one fights the bookies, who are only human, their own protestations of infallibility notwithstanding. "On the American tracks I'm a derelict," John Mort Green admits.

The largest reason for the Butterfly's success lies in the peculiar nature of English racing. It tends toward naughti-

continued

Primed for action, Green leaves his picturesquely named apartment house for Ally Pally, the Londoner's nickname for Alexandra Park. Called the Butterfly because he is constantly on the move, Green wears the symbol on his hat (above).

ness. Things *happen*. A horse with a lock on a race goes around the track like a somnambulist and finishes eighth. A horse nobody ever heard of, with six consecutive out-of-the-money finishes, wins over a strong field by 10 lengths under a fierce drive. Sick horses suddenly get well, and well horses suddenly get sick, and over it all hangs a cheery atmosphere of boys will be boys, everybody has to make a pound and let the bettor beware. As a result, successful punting in England becomes more a matter of information than a matter of handicapping. What horse is being held back intentionally, being "stopped"? What horse is really trying? Do the trainer and the owner want to win the race, or have they bet their horse to lose? (You can bet a horse to win *or* lose in England.) Enter John Mort Green with his stomach full of ears, his mysterious phone calls, his close liaison with the corps of Australian jockeys, England's elite. "I may not win every race," the Butterfly says with becoming modesty, "but I pride myself on one thing: I'm never on dead meat. Oh, I might bet 10 horses a year that are being stopped. The average punter might back 300 and never know that his horses were dead from the beginning. Sometimes the trainer or the owner is in on the deal. Sometimes the jockey stops the horse for his own purposes. Some of 'em here'd stop a locomotive. —— would stop the Constantinople Express, that bostid! To me, that's the worst thing can happen to a punter, when you have your money on a dead horse. Oh, I spit blood when that happens! You have to know your jockeys. Take Hutchinson R. [The Butterfly always refers to a jockey's last name first, followed by the first initial.] Hutchinson R. always rides to win. The Happy Horseman, we call him, always grinning, rides for the Premier Duke and Earl of England. A lovely little boy is Hutchinson R., never had a bet in his life. He has a beautiful wife, a nice family, doesn't drink too much, likes a party occasionally, dedicated to his job. Not a good judge, but a tradesman. Well, we know all about Hutchinson R. for a start, and we can be fairly sure his horse is trying. But now take —— He's a good thief. If he stole apples when he was 12 he'd steal 'em now, wouldn't he? If he was stopping horses in 1948 and getting plenty of money for it, he'd still be stopping them now in 1965, wouldn't he? So when —— is on a horse we have to be careful."

Understand, the Butterfly takes no moral position about stopping horses. To be blunt about it, if horses were not being stopped in England, John Mort Green and his stomach full of ears would be out of business. Our hero does not create the chicanery, but if he happens to hear about it who is to blame him for getting a bet down, or perhaps a dozen

After studying a vast variety of racing papers and phoning bookies all over England about the pattern of betting for the day, the Butterfly carefully inspects the horses as they leave the paddock.

bets down? And there is an element of risk even in a fixed race. The Butterfly recalls an example (only the names have been changed to protect the guilty):

"There was a deal one day to let Jack Olsen's horse win the race, see? Everybody else's horse was dead, all our friends': Doodles' horse, Brighton's, Blond Viking God's, Under the Bed Stewey's and the Butterfly's. Jack Olsen is gonna win, y'understand? And what happens? Bloody Jack Olsen's horse isn't good enough! Five horses are being stopped, and the sixth horse isn't good enough to win! Oh, I enjoyed that. It was so funny. One of those races where the idiots win the money and the smarties get bloody nothing. I went straight to the bar and had a laugh. I had £2,000 on that horse altogether, but when you've lost your money you have to forget about that right away. You have to laugh about it, think about something else. You can't go around saying, 'Oh, my God, I've lost me holidays in New York.' Oh, yes, these boat races—these stews as they call them here—they come unstuck now and then, but not as often in England as other places. I remember a race in Australia where they paid off the starter. When the right horse was on the tape he suddenly lifted it and the horse was down the track with a 25-length lead. And it got beaten! Fair play is bonny play. Remember that, me lad!"

Stopping horses here is much more prevalent than it is in the U.S.," a British turf editor informed me when I recounted a few of the Butterfly's more astounding stories. "Frankly, it's considered less of an offense here. And it's very seldom proved; the British stewards and judges are so lax. For the last two years in the Schweppes trophy race, worth about £5,000 to the winner, a horse named Rosyth came on to win. His record before that had been terrible. After the 1964 race there was an investigation, and the trainer was stood down for about six months and the jockey for six weeks. But it's seldom they take action like that. In the same race this year a horse named Elan won. Before that, he'd been on the track four times and had done nothing. He paid a good price and the bookies around the country lost about £200,000 on him. The trainer got off with a reprimand. So don't be surprised if it all happens again next year."

The same editor also informed me that the bookmakers, in the long run, gain more than they lose from such jiggery-pokery. "They get the word, too, don't forget that," he advised. "The bookies have a remarkable system of intelligence and espionage. Let us suppose that the Butterfly comes along the line and is making bets against a horse ridden by a certain Australian jockey at short odds. The bookies will soon realize that this horse is being stopped. They'll adjust their prices accordingly, and the few hundred pounds they lose to the Butterfly will bring them back that much and more from the bettors without information."

The Butterfly does not demur. He sees the bookies as his friends: "They want me to bet with them. I'm a challenge to them. And another thing: they know I get a bit of information. And they want to know my judgment." The bookmakers are going to win in the long run and so is the Butterfly; an *entente cordiale* exists. But other professional bettors are a nuisance to John Mort Green, because they are always sniffing around to find out what he is up to. "They'll do anything. They have to know everything. If you went up today and bet a grand on a horse, they'd say, 'Who's that geezer?' But the moment the horse won they'd be watching you, and they'd know who you were; you're Jack Olsen, you're from New York City, what time you get up in the morning, when you get your underwear washed and everything. They'll tail you all day and night to find out who you're betting for.

"I do all sorts of things to fool them. Sometimes I ask bookies not to write my bets on the books, just keep them in their heads. Or I'll say to a bookie, 'Now, I'm gonna have four bets with you today, and all of them are gonna be void.' So I'll stand back and I'll shout, 'Binns, 5 to 80 on Dogsbody!' Then these parasites will rush off to follow my bet, but it won't be my real bet. They'll tell their pals, 'Butterfly's backed Dogsbody.' That little trick of mine is called somersaulting."

Many owners and trainers also practice somersaulting, simply to confuse big bettors. If Butterfly and his coterie of Nathan Detroits and Nicely Nicely Johnsons find out how a stable is going to bet, they will move in and ruin the price for the stable's own bettors. "So they'll stop at nothing to fool me," says the Butterfly with glee, for he relishes this sort of intrigue. "I remember an owner who was stopping one of his horses: it absolutely was not going to win. But nobody knew this but the owner, and we're all waiting around to see which way he bets. He got all his own bets down secretly, so none of us knew he was betting against his own horse, and then he sent his wife over to one of the bookies to put five more pounds on the horse—to win! One of my colleagues came running, and he said, 'I saw Mrs. —— back the horse! She had a fiver on!' So to check it, I looked at the book, and sure enough she's down on the horse. Well, we figure this owner's not gonna dump his own wife, is he? We know he's a crafty bostid, but surely his wife must know. They sleep in the same bed together, don't they? The horse lost. He *had* dumped his wife, just to fool us."

To understand the atmosphere in which such happy skulduggery flourishes, one must go back to the differences between British and American racing. It would be a joy to report that the contrasting cleanliness of American racing is simply a reflection of the purity of the American spirit, but then Billie Sol Estes and Bobby Baker might be thrown in my face. The simple fact is that the pari-mutuel system keeps American racing relatively antiseptic by taking its money off the top and creating a vast dollar pool for decent purses, insuring ample rewards for jockeys, trainers and owners. But in England the profits go to the bookmakers, and they put hardly anything back into racing. The result is small purses, low jockey fees, lack of incentive for

continued

owners. The solution is to bet, preferably on sure things, and it is considered a coup to hold your horse back in five or six races and make a killing in the next, or bet your own horse to lose and get away with it. Nobody gets excited, least of all the stewards, most of whom are horse owners and horseplayers themselves.

To add to the flavor, there is the antic behavior of the nobility, which has found horse racing a profitable sideline. It is not easy to be an earl or a duke these days, what with the government nipping away at the castles and vassals and serfs that used to be all that made life worth living, not to mention the beastly income tax and surtax that take as much as 18 shillings and threepence out of the pound, or about 91%. But horse-race winnings are tax exempt; there is no beady-eyed little man from the Queen's Inland Revenue Service waiting to demand your name if you win a bundle. Certain members of the nobility have taken full advantage of this friendly arrangement. No need to look askance: put yourself in the position of these poor aristocrats. If you had a choice between stopping your horse in a few races so that you could make 5,000 tax-free pounds the next time out, or of allowing some horrid American colonials to stomp through your old homestead at six shillings a clip, dribbling mustard all over your Persian rugs, why, by Jove, what would you do?

Not long ago I had the pleasure of watching a betting noblewoman in action. Her horse was not reckoned to have any chance in this particular race and was carried on the bookies' boards at 14 to 1 ("fourteens," as the British put it). Just before the start Lady Avarice plunked £200 on her horse to win, causing the bookies up and down the line, through their semaphoring "ticktack" men, to knock the price down to 8 to 1. It seemed to me that slicing the odds in half just because of one $560 bet was a bit drastic, but then the bookies knew Lady Avarice better than I did. On form, her horse would have figured to run dead last in a potato race in Kew Gardens. But this time he roared home, trying for his life, and Lady Avarice had £2,800, or $7,840, to show for her trouble. How did Lady Avarice know her horse was going to win? I do not pretend to know, but the manner in which she laid her bet and the manner in which the bookies reacted makes one wonder. This sort of situation is usually money in the bank for John Mort Green, but he was standing out of the betting ring, protecting himself from a chill rain, when the action occurred. "That's the thing about being in the right place at the right time," he said later, laughing at himself and boldly maintaining his perpetual good spirits. "Sometimes things change sharply at the track, and most times they change for the good. In the last few minutes before a race you get your most important information. If one big bet goes down in the last few seconds, that changes everything. That's why you have to be in the center of the action, somewhere near Hill's or Ladbroke's, where the big bets are gonna be struck. Now, if I'd been there to see her make that bet, I'd have been set on fire! I'd have rushed off to another bookie before the word was out. I might not have got fourteens, but I'd have got twelves or tens. When Lady Avarice bets I'll follow her to the grave!"

One of Butterfly's cockney friends took a dim view of the coup, piping up: "What d'yer think'd 'appen a me if Oi did sumpin loik 'er? Why, Oi'd be boiled in oil and executed in the Tower of London, Oi would!"

"I don't talk about the nobility, my boy," said the Butterfly, who knows which side his scone is buttered on. "You're on very tricky ground there, my boy."

But while he will not talk about the upper classes, Green studies the nobility's behavior assiduously. He knows exactly which persons are making bets for which noblemen, and if you should see the niece of the Duchess of Trifle wander over to the bookies' ring, look sharp and you will see a tall, skinny man with a red butterfly on the back of his Tyrolean hat standing nearby, counting the house and studying the weather.

It would, nevertheless, be a disservice to John Mort Green to characterize him merely as a man with rabbit ears. He is also a consummate handicapper, a brilliant analyst of all sorts of disparate material and a competent administrator who directs a team of "sprayers," or helpers, or flunkies. His father was an Australian bookmaker, and when the Butterfly was 16 Green *père* gave him binoculars and a betting allowance of £1 per day. Within a few years young Green was a bookie, and after that a bettor. "But they only race two days a week in Australia. When I saw the situation here, with racing six days a week, I said, 'This is for me: the Mayfair area at night for pleasure, and the racecourses in the daytime for business.' I knew I had found my land: 'This little plot in a jewelled sea, this sceptred isle, this happy breed, this England!' That's Keats or Yeats or somebody.

"But my first year I had a big thing to overcome. They all thought I was a flyweight. They said, 'Look, an Australian! See? A bloody Oswald! Don't give him any credit!' But in my second year they said, 'What? He's back again!'

" 'And why not?' I'd say. 'I'm making a bloody fortune here.' Finally I brought them all to order, and now they can't be courteous enough. It's 'After you, sir' and 'Can I help you, Mr. Mort Green?' Men like that are low mongrels. They're bloody small men, that's what they are."

For a few minutes the Butterfly allowed himself to muse on what he regards as the essential English character: "The British are happy sufferers. They've been destroyed by two wars, oppressed and oppressed and oppressed, and they adore hardship, standing in queues, shivering in their homes, being turned out of pubs at 11 o'clock at night. Why, if I get up in the morning and I can't put some hot water on my face straight away, I'm through for the day! But the English thrive on adversity. This makes them good workers, good followers. Now, in Australia you've got to be an individualist to survive in racing. You've got to say to yourself, 'Now, this horse is a good thing today,' and believe in your

own judgment. You can't be waiting around all day for somebody else's opinion, like the British. It takes confidence. Money lost is nothing lost. A tenner is just a piece of paper with a one and a nought on it, nothing more. But confidence lost is everything lost. Once you've lost your confidence you lose your reasoning. Then you start making these 100-to-16 bets that never win. You try to force matters, win money on horses that normally you wouldn't fancy. I've never in my life seen a fellow that's mortgaged the furniture to bet on a good thing or sold his car for £200 and put it on a good thing—I've never seen them win a bet like that. If I'm gonna make one bet that could break me, I'm gonna go broke on class, on Man o' War or Citation, on Arcaro E. and Shoemaker W. and Hutchinson R. Stay with the class: you don't want to go off and bet Billy Puddins on a horse you never heard of down at Folkestone."

When the Butterfly talks about himself in public he is quite capable of sounding like an insipid braggart, but it is my impression that this is a cover, that he is trying to project an image of bumbling idiocy and that underneath it he is genuinely and uniquely skilled at playing the horses. "And why not?" he asks with typical brassiness. "I had horses as a kid. I'll go up to a horse and pull out its tongue and put me hand in its mouth. Some of these racecourse characters in England don't know a thing about a horse. I can pick up a horse's leg and show you hock, coronet, hoof, frog, cannon bone, stifle. I used to ride, and I drove trotters when I was 16. I've never worked a day in my life, never cleaned a car or a pair of shoes. I hung around with my father and his friends, hearing the conversations of men over 40, all about horses, and I'm only a boy of 16! I lived with these older men for so long that I became a lot smarter than the boys who hung around with other boys.

"It's all I've ever known, the racecourse. A fellow said to me, 'How did you become a racecourse layabout?' I said, 'I'm too frightened to thieve and I'm too tall to sell newspapers.' I could be a taxi driver, but who wants to be a taxi driver? I'd rather be a pickpocket or a turf editor or something on that order. It's like Shakespeare said. 'And man shall leave a celestial paradise with angels all about, to prey on garbage.' That means you can live in a beautiful house on a hill and still you'll leave it to do things like drinking, running with women, betting on horses. I'll tell you: I can feel like a derelict one minute, terrible! And then I place a bet and I hear the announcer say, 'They're under starter's orders,' and I'm exhilarated. To see two horses go to the line nip and tuck is like watching Nureyev and Fonteyn doing 14 encores. That's why I don't do any other kind of gambling. There's not the beauty to it."

At the track the Butterfly is on the move constantly, collecting information, passing on a soupçon less than he receives, picking up signals from his jockey friends and, as he puts it, "looking cunning." ("If you look cunning, people tell you things, trying to find out why you're looking cunning.")

The race day starts at 8:30 a.m., when he has one large cup of milk coffee and begins his study. John Mort Green reads absolutely nothing but racing material. He buys three newspapers in the morning and throws away everything that does not pertain to his craft. "I don't even so much as look at a headline or a soccer final," he says proudly. "It takes away from my concentration. I must spend the morning studying, thinking, 'sussing things out,' as we say."

To suss things out, a British horseplayer has at his fingertips an assortment of printed material that would tax the medulla oblongata of a quantum theoretician at Caltech. To begin with, the Englishman has the same sort of statistical information available to the American bettor in *The Morning Telegraph*. But he also has tome upon tome of variegated material such as *Timeform*, a sort of loose-leaf book to which one adds new information as it is provided during the season. *Timeform* includes the performances to date of every horse and every jockey in the season, plus a short biography of each horse, plus the home phone number of every owner, trainer and jockey, plus assorted other information. As of early May, when the British flat racing season was only six weeks old, *Timeform* was already 416 pages long, and by the end of the year a serious punter has to hire a batman to carry it around.

Raceform Notebook is another add-a-page work; it con-

continued

Before a race the Butterfly chats with Pyers W., one of the Australian jockeys with whom he maintains close contact.

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tains a brief description of every race at every course in England, up-to-date, with comments on the performance of the first six horses in each event. ("Ran much better than the final placing suggests. Pulled back on the final bend in order to get the rail position, he ran straight into a pocket from which he failed to extricate himself. Nine to four.") As if all this were not material enow, the Butterfly and his colleagues feel naked without various racing magazines like *The Racing Week*, a publication devoted to news, advice and nuggets of inside information from owners and trainers about their horses. Sample nugget: "I bought Cold Henry at Doncaster. It's rather an extraordinary name; his owner lived at a place called Cold Henley, and he said he's always getting letters addressed to him at Cold Henry, so he thought he'd call this horse Cold Henry. He's been coughing on and off for a hell of a long time. I thought, perhaps, as he'd had a cough and a dirty nose before, he wouldn't be infected with the last epidemic, but he got it with the rest. We shall have to wait and see about him." By the time one has looked up all the references to Cold Henry in *Timeform Raceform Notebook*, the newspapers and the magazines and learned about his performance in every race, his jockey's and trainer's phone numbers, his breeding and coloring and general attitude toward life, his nomenclature and his dirty nose, one begins to feel that one is learning more about Cold Henry than one cares to know. But not the English bettor. "Your betting in America is a craft," says Green with Britannic pride, "but here it approaches being an art form, and we need everything we can find."

British bettors like Green also must consider such esoterie matters as the nature of the horse's stable. Is it a betting stable and, if so, is the stable betting on its horse to win or holding it back? One can learn something by following the changing odds. "Here's a certain horse that's owned by a betting stable," the Butterfly explained. "Today he's 20 to 1, so I know he's not going to be trying. But the moment he becomes a 7-to-1 chance or a 5-to-1 chance I know the stable has sent him out for the biscuits. He may not win, but he's trying, and that's the trick; to be on live horses, on horses that aren't dead meat."

Listening to the Butterfly running over the form is a study in stream of consciousness. He sits on the edge of his bed, his long, bony finger tracing down the page, muttering aloud: "Hm, the key to this race is Blarney Beacon. . . . Got no weight on his back, seven stone seven. . . . Proven Valour is ridden by Williamson W., top-class jockey. Beat nothing much last time. . . . At the present time I'd say Gurkha with a question mark on Blarney Beacon. . . . The 7 o'clock race, that's a good hard race to pick. I reckon at the present time Close Call is worth watching. He's a winner on the track, but he hasn't had the run. Eight stone 12 on his back, a lot of weight. . . . Milesius? Captain Boyd-Rochfort is the trainer. Grand old man, the Queen's trainer, but he's old. . . . You've got to give way to youth. I dismiss his horse. . . . I like Close Call and Directory."

When all this sussing out is completed and Green has a rough idea how the races should go, he picks up the phone and begins calling bookies around the country. "They can tell you not only what horses are getting the play but, more important, who's making the bets. That's what you want to know. But there's a protocol about this. You don't ask the bookies anything. You allow them to volunteer. The rule is if you ask a question you're entitled to be told lies. But information volunteered must be true. That's the code. Violate it and you're out; they'll never tell you another thing. So I'll be having a friendly little chat with a bookmaker, and somewhere along the line he'll say, 'Jack Olsen's got a big bet today. He bets for the Earl of Kidney Pie.' And then I'll crash in on the earl's horse. At least I know he'll be trying."

To supplement all this morning information, the Butterfly maintains an unknown number of "sprayers," racecourse layabouts on retainers, to provide him with information. "Brighton is my best; he gets £5 a week," says the Butterfly, "and then I have Cambridge Snowy at Newmarket. He gets about £12 10 shillings a month. Very reliable, an ex-jockey and a member of all the enclosures, a quiet, ordinary old man but a great fellow. He might give me only one tip a week or one a month, but then it's 'Up lads and at 'em!' because he's always right."

On the subject of jockeys and how much information they give him, the Butterfly is somewhat cagey, partially because the feeding of information by Australian jockeys to Australian bettors is an old story in Britain and one that annoys the English. Publicly Green will make such statements as these: "Certainly, I talk to Hutchinson R., Williamson W., Pyers W., Breasley A. and a few others. They may tell you whether a horse is trying or not, and if he's fit or not. But outside of that they're the worst judges in the world. They can give you a very false impression. They get too enthusiastic about their own mounts. Just consider this: if jockeys were 12 stone there'd be four million of them, wouldn't there? But because they're little seven-stone midgets they become glorified altar boys or something. They reach the hearts of thousands of people, these little uneducated things. These little pinheads, how can you have any confidence in them once you see them?"

Some think the gentleman doth protest too much. Says a British turf writer: "We know these Australian jockeys stick together, and it's caused some bad feeling in the jockeys' room as well as in the bookies' ring. They suspect that if one Australian jockey plans to win a race the other Australians in the race will get together and stop one of the English jockeys getting through. It's deeper than just information. A very unpleasant situation."

It is true that the Butterfly's own actions sometimes belie his avowed contempt for jockeys. Not only does he discuss races with them in the morning and drink with them in the evening, he also has developed a set of signals for communicating with them at the track. "If his horse is going to try,"

continued

Green explains, "a jockey will rub his finger across his upper lip or his cap to give me a sign. He's 'casting me,' and it means bet the horse. But if he rubs his finger across the coat, if he 'gives me the coat,' that means the horse is dead. It's not done blatantly, it's very quick."

Last year, just before the saddling-up for a big race, the Butterfly happened to walk by one of his jockey friends slated to ride a mediocre horse that day. "He made a motion across his top lip and that meant bet the horse," the Butterfly recalls. "I was astounded. I thought he'd made a mistake or something. The horse didn't have a chance. So I leaned over my friend, and I said, 'What?'

"He said, 'Find bookies.' I still looked surprised, so he said, '*Find bookies!*' louder, through his teeth. The horse won and I made 2,200 quid on that race. It was one of my big coups of the year."

One morning the Butterfly telephoned me and, in his usual bubbly manner, went over our plans for the day: "Olsen J.?" he said. "This is Mort Green initial J bidding you a bright good morning on this beautiful spring day and hoping that you will find it a happy and rewarding one. We're going racing at Ally Pally. A regular timothy of a place, a brothel. All set? We'll bet well and come home early! It's up lads and at 'em! Over and out."

We drove to Alexandra Park, nicknamed Ally Pally and also known as "the cockneys' own racecourse," huddled on a dreary edge of London. The Butterfly was wearing one of his racing uniforms: dark suit, blue-and-gray-striped shirt on a white background, a rose in his lapel and a gold watch chain leading from his buttonhole to his breast pocket, a silk foulard peeking discreetly out, a bowler on his head and an umbrella dangling from his left wrist. En route he fell to talking about his social life. "Frankly," he said, "I prefer the rich. They have more money. Take people like my friend ——— He calls and says, 'Let's take my plane and fly to the races at Deauville, old boy,' and the next thing I know we're off, with two pretty girls. At first this sort of thing made me nervous. When I came here I had to change my whole life, didn't I? Because I'm mixing with the Eton man, the Harrow man, top-class people, eating caviar and sipping champagne. ——— is a millionaire, his grandmother left him £220,000, and his father left him more. He lies back in a £20,000 penthouse and belongs to all the clubs and goes to Claridge's or Annabel's or Grosvenor House, you know. So he takes me to the races at Deauville, and we have a wonderful day, sitting under the umbrella drinking Dom Perignon. I've won about 60 quid on the day, and he won't let me pay for anything. So I say, 'Tell me, ———, who is allowed to eat in this palace?' He says, 'Any mug with £50 can have lunch here, Mort Green!' Imagine that! He says, 'Any mug with £50!'

"Well, that's how it is with the rich. They make you feel good. Of course, I had to start slowly with those people. I had to learn about clothes, for one thing. In my dress I've always been a radical; that's another way I get confidence. Now, sometimes you'll see me dressed like a banker: plain white detached collar, detached cuffs, gold cuff links, maroon tie, pearl stickpin, a foulard to match my tie, lizard-skin shoes, silk socks, black coat with velvet collar, pinstripe suit and a bowler. Makes me feel like a millionaire. I only have six or seven suits, but I'm careful in my selection. If I had a hole in the elbow of my shirt or the wrong color socks, even though nobody'd ever know, I'd know and I'd feel rotten. Everything has to be perfect. When you're dressed up, you're gonna kill 'em at the racecourse. You don't want to go out there looking like a bloody bagman. But I had to learn this slowly, the hard way. When I first got here a millionaire called me one day, and he said, 'Do come on, we're going to Paris on Sunday. Come down to Brighton for the day tomorrow and meet us. We'll be leaving the hotel at half noon for Paris, love to have you join us. But *don't wear that ghastly suit!*'"

Ally Pally proved to be a journey backward through time. I was prepared to see something different from that big outdoor betting parlor called Aqueduct, but not so different as it turned out to be and not so naively pleasant. As we entered, a newsboy straight from Henry Fielding collared the Butterfly and whispered: "It's Sweet Worry in the first; the word is Sweet Worry."

Inside the gate, Green said, "He gives me a horse every time and he's right once a year, and then he comes up and says, 'See, Guvnah, Oi knew Oi was roit.' I don't pay the slightest attention to him. Now if you'll excuse me I've got to go look over the heads, see who's looking cunning," and he was off.

The day had turned wet and chilly, and through the haze I discovered that spectators at Ally Pally can see only the last two furlongs of a sprint race; in a distance race they can see only the start and finish. In the old British tradition of having tracks in all shapes and sizes (which, incidentally, makes for more interesting racing and more difficult handicapping), Ally Pally is built something like a frying pan, with the finish line at the end of the handle and the grandstands removed from the pan itself. This puts the crowd at the mercy of the caller, who is not in too good a viewing position himself, at the top of a rickety tower. He makes announcements like "Overcoat has taken the lead. I think it's Overcoat. No, it's Tom Thumb. At least as far as I can see." This makes the crowd at Ally Pally strangely quiet; if they cheer for their horses they miss the call.

Across the stretch and paralleling it is a long dismal row of houses; at the end of the track is a marshaling yard for trains, and in the far distance, when the haze lifts, one can see the shadowy gray-brown of North London: stacks and tanks and sheds, yellow lights and shoals of houses climbing the low hills. The spectators' area is an etude of anarchy, an African village. Grandstands are perched haphazardly; they are small and unkempt, unpainted, with facings ripped away to show the structure's underwear in spots. Right in the middle of everything is a long, low building that dates

continued

No doubt about it. The soap that stops perspiration odor best is Dial. Because only Dial has AT-7 to get rid of bacteria that cause trouble. So be sure, get Dial.

back to the time when such things were called Nissen huts. There is a tiny shack with a sign saying "Findley's Tobacconist," and a slightly larger one with a placard announcing: "Tote Investors, Ltd." There is a trailer parked on the grass, an awning draped in front to protect against the elements, and a big sign: "Guinness." Alongside stands a man in a bowler and pinstriped suit, thoroughly protected from the driving rain by an umbrella and a glass of stout. There are scattered booths and bars, and people are eating Scotch eggs, pork pies, egg-and-tomato sandwiches, sausage rolls, ham and cheese and biscuits. The betting area, "the ring" where the bookmakers assemble, is a cauldron. Bookies scream their prices, trying to outshout the competition. The man from Ladbroke's changes his price on a horse, and the man from Jack Bevan & Co. rushes to change his, and the man from Bill Pobjoy's is a few seconds late and gets stuck with a bet at the old price. The bookies start to shout something that sounds like a foreign tongue, "Vy da vaw da veel," but they run it all together: "Vydavawdaveel," which turns out to mean "five to four the field," which turns out to mean—well, it really doesn't matter.

Ticktack men perch precariously on skinny boxes and wave their arms to signal changes in odds to other bookie outposts in the far stands. Mickey Fingers, a beefy florid man who is one of the best of the ticktacks, waves for attention to a bookie 100 yards away. Mickey Fingers taps his head with his white-gloved hands; that means that what he is going to say will pertain to the No. 1 horse. Now he holds his hands high above his head, with the fingertips touching. That means 11 to 10. So the whole message, transmitted in about two seconds, means, "Change your price on the No. 1 horse to 11 to 10."

While all this was being explained to me by a patient little ex-bookmaker, the Butterfly came striding up, winded from his travels, and said, "I just have a second. I think it's Shylock to win. But I still have some walking around to do. It's a busy time. I can't be socializing or drinking. I can't relax. It all happens so fast. See this?" He was wearing a red leather glove with the fingertips cut out. "That's so the bookies can see me when the action gets hot. There'll be people milling around the bookies' stalls and the odds are changing fast, and everybody's trying to put a bet in and I shout a bet and shove in my red glove. 'It's a bet!' they'll say. The glove stands out. Sometimes bookies want to give away money, but you have to be fast. When I come back from holidays I don't even bet for a few days. My reflexes are too slow. It helps to have a nickname, too. They call me Butterfly because I'm here, there, everywhere. In France they call me *Papillon*. In Australia they called me Soupbones because I'm skinny. Brighton says Shylock is fit and trying. I'm crashing in on Shylock to win the biscuits!"

The race was five furlongs, which meant that it would be started on the backside of the frying pan, well out of sight, and would finish in front of the stands. The Butterfly and I moved to the rail, binoculars hanging uselessly around our necks. The Butterfly was beside himself with excitement and good spirits. He turned to a total stranger and said, "Winning lots of money?"

"Oh, sure," the man said disgustedly. "Hundreds of pounds."

Green turned quickly to a girl on the other side and said, "No good for the hair, this rainy weather, is it?" Then the caller informed us, "They're under starter's orders."

"Isn't it exhilarating?" the Butterfly said, flashing a happy smile. There were no further reports until the announcer informed us that "the delay is caused by Shylock, who's playing up a bit."

"Bad news," said Green, the smile vanishing, and then a dirty white flag was dropped and the caller said, "They're off. The leader is Cortachy Boy from Shylock and Bas Dimanche."

"We're in business!" said John Mort Green.

There was no change in the positions until the horses came into sight for the two-furlong drive to the finish. "He's in trouble," Green said, peering through what he calls his "bins." "Ah! Now he's running better." Shylock moved into a short lead. "He's got the biscuits!" the Butterfly shouted. "Hard at 'em now, my Shylock! Hard at 'em! Up! Up! Up!" And then, just as the herd passed in front of us, a horse named Warsite came from out of the pack to nip Shylock at the wire. The Butterfly was not exhilarated.

"Sixteen wins the biscuits," he grumbled. "There you are, see? Shylock's got 'em all beat but this bloody Warsite. Twenty-three horses and all beat to a frazzle! Look at his record, this bloody Warsite. He's never been there before. But he was there today. From now on it's 'Up lads and at 'em!' This is the time when you get up off your left knee!"

He did indeed get up off his left knee and finished the evening's racing slightly in the black. But his chance for a big killing had ended the instant Warsite moved on Shylock. Later, in the cool calm of retrospect, the Butterfly waxed philosophical about such occurrences.

"The day after something like that happens, it's completely gone from my mind," he said, "and all I can remember is being there, the beauty of it all, your mates about you and the setting and the excitement. Every race is like St. Crispin's Day to me. That was the day of the Battle of Agincourt, when 10,000 Englishmen beat 50,000 Frenchmen. The English had no money and very few friends, but they had their confidence, and confidence is everything. When I'm at the racecourse, I'm Henry V at Agincourt. 'We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; for he today that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother.' That's Shakespeare."

"I thought you said you didn't read anything but the horse news," I said.

"I learned it in school and it stuck with me. That part about: 'For if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive,' meaning no matter who's left with me, I want to be the singular person. I remembered that because I want to be the singular person, too. Racing needs individuals, don't you think so, Olsen J.?"

Olsen J. said he thought so. **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"Tony Oliva," said Oriole Manager Hank Bauer, "does everything well—run, catch, throw and hit." A shrug and a short pause later, Bauer added: "The bum!" Last week, as MINNESOTA (5–2) stretched its lead to five games by winning three of four from the second-place Orioles, Oliva went 11 for 30 and scored nine runs, including one on an 11th-inning dash from second base on a fielder's choice to beat Baltimore. During July, Oliva hit .394 (50 for 127, with 24 RBIs) to raise his average from .268 to .307. Sam Mele, Twin manager, claims: "As a hitter Tony is not too far behind Ted Williams. And he's a much better all-round player than Williams." Oliva plays despite a bone chip in the knuckle of the middle finger of his right hand. To protect the injury, Tony switched to a bottle-handled bat this year—and was hitting under the ball. "I was getting my pitch and missing it," admits Oliva. Then, on July 5, Tony borrowed a conventional knob-handled bat from teammate Jimmie Hall and started to hit like the Oliva who won the batting championship in 1964. "I'm just getting lucky," he says. The muscular Twins resorted to a suicide squeeze to beat the Orioles in one game, then won on Oliva's base running in the next. Said Reliever Al Worthington: "I don't see why we can't keep this up all year. We've already won a lot of games we had no business winning." Still, the Twins had problems. Pitcher Camilo Pascual went on the disabled list and was scheduled for an operation to remove a tumor from his back. BALTIMORE (3–3) remained in sight, thanks to Boog Powell's three-run homer which beat the Twins in the ninth. Some 2,000 fans greeted KANSAS CITY (4–4) when the Athletics returned from their most successful road trip—nine wins, nine losses—of the season. At one time last week the Athletics were one game from virtually vacating last place. They promptly lost three straight, though, and Owner Charlie Finley's Champagne Cellar-Bration was postponed—indefinitely. Joe Pepitone twice hit two home runs in one game to win for NEW YORK (4–4). The Yankees were shut out for the 10th and 11th times this season. CLEVELAND (4–3) Pitcher Jack Kralick could not throw a curve ball with his bad elbow but neglected to inform Manager Birdie Tebbetts. "I don't appreciate a guy doing that to his team," screamed Tebbetts as the Yankees teed off on Kralick's fast ball. "I try not to get desperate," said CHICAGO (3–4) Manager Al Lopez as he moved Catcher John Romano to left field. Romano hit two homers, had five RBIs and the White Sox won for the second time in 11 games. Pitching for the first time in 17 days, Joe Sparma of DETROIT (4–4) shut out New York, later remarked: "I'd like to pitch more often." Four days later he lasted only $3^2/_3$ innings. WASHINGTON'S (3–4) Frank Howard hit a 516-foot home run over the centerfield fence in Kansas City, then confessed: "In all honesty, I have hit at least a dozen balls farther than that." BOSTON (3–5) and LOS ANGELES (3–3) players engaged in a free-swinging melee after several beanball incidents. Said Red Sox Manager Billy Herman, "Dean Chance has decked at least 20 of our players the last two years. The next time we see Chance, we'll knock him down four times, even if I have to bring in four pitchers to do it."

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"We'll be in first place about 10:30 tonight," CINCINNATI'S (4–3) Frank Robinson announced last week before the second-place Reds began a three-game series in LOS ANGELES (4–2). Applying their customary magic, however, the Dodgers won two of three and remained in first place, even though Sandy Koufax lost his first game since May 26. Maury Wills beat the Reds one night when he walked, stole second and third and scored on Catcher Johnny Edwards' throwing error. The next night, informed that Manager Walt Alston and his coaches had been rehired through 1966, the Dodgers won 9–7 as Jim Gilliam, who started the season as a coach, homered, doubled and singled to drive in four runs. During the series, Robinson and Vada Pinson managed only three hits in 19 at bats. Moving to ST. LOUIS (3–3), the Dodgers won one game on a bases-loaded walk to Pinch Hitter Don LeJohn in the ninth inning. In another they got only three hits, including homers by Wes Parker and Jim Lefebvre, but Koufax pitched a five-hitter and drove in the winning run with a sacrifice fly. Cincinnati's Deron Johnson had 12 RBIs for the week and led the majors with 87. The Cardinals' Lou Brock was "ready to trade myself in for a broken bat and 10 old gloves" before he beat L.A. with a two-run single in the ninth inning one night. During the week Brock was picked off twice in one game, once in another and also was out trying to stretch a single. Leadoff batter Felipe Alou gave MILWAUKEE (5–2) quick 1–0 leads with first-inning home runs in successive games. Willie Mays of SAN FRANCISCO (3–4) ended an 0-for-24 slump with his 24th home run. Warren Spahn lost a four-hitter—and a World Series ring in a hamburger joint. Bob Buhl of CHICAGO (5–4) won twice and Ron Santo hit three home runs. The Cubs also committed six errors in a 14–0 loss to NEW YORK (2–6). Mets Outfielder Johnny Lewis went 12 for 26, including two homers, and Pinch Hitter John Stephenson again beat PHILADELPHIA (5–2), this time with an 11th-inning double. Jim Bunning and Jack Baldschun combined to shut out PITTSBURGH (4–4) in 14 innings, 1–0. The next night the Phillies' Ray Culp, who won a two-hit shutout, and the Pirates' Bob Veale, Al McBean and Frank Carpin totaled 26 strikeouts in nine innings—a major league record. Don Schwall steadied the Pirates' bullpen, and Willie Stargell ended a slight slump with his first grand-slam home run. HOUSTON (1–6) Coach Clint Courtney and Outfielder Lee Maye exchanged punches at the batting cage and later in the dugout.

THE SEASON*

	BEST	WORST
BATTING (NL)	Clemente Pitt .337	Cannizzaro NY .178
(AL)	Yastrzemski Bos .339	Brinkman Wash .182
HOME RUN HITTERS (NL)	Mays SF 24 (1 per 14 AB)	Wills LA 0 (415 AB)
(AL)	Horton Det 22 (1 per 14 AB)	Malzone Bos 0 (233 AB)
PITCHING (NL)	Koufax LA 17-4	Jackson NY 5-14
(AL)	Grant Minn 12-3	O'Donoghue KC 5-14
ERA (NL)	Marichal SF 1.60	O'Toole Cin 7.50
(AL)	Peppas Balt 1.85	Boulton NY 5.12
COMPLETE GAMES (NL)	Marichal SF 17 (24 starts)	Santoid SF 0 (15 starts)
(AL)	Stottlemyre NY 11 (23 starts)	Peters Chi 1 (21 starts)
TEAM HRS (NL)	Milwaukee 124	Los Angeles 53
(AL)	Bos Clev 112	Los Angeles 71
TEAM SBS (NL)	Los Angeles 118	New York 14
(AL)	Cleveland 85	Washington 16

*through July 31

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TONY OLIVA

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—First over the finish line of the 235-mile Port Huron-to-Mackinac race and first on corrected time of 42 hours 44 minutes 13 seconds: GYPSY, a 54-foot sloop skippered by Charles Kotovic of Milwaukee, took overall honors in the 41 year old event for a record third time.

The British-American Universities Sailing Trophy, the prize in a dual competition between six-man student teams sailing 14 foot dinghies in a best-of-nine series, was won in a sweep by the U.S.—TERRY L. CRONBURG, MIT, ARTHUR PAINE, University of Rhode Island, CHARLES PAINE, Brown, SCOTT ALLAN, USC, DONALD K. SCHWANZ, MIT, and J. ROBERT WHITE, Ohio State.

BOXING—World Light Heavyweight Champion JOSE TORRES of New York fought 10 rounds to a unanimous decision over onetime heavyweight contender Tom McNeeley of Boston in a nontitle bout in San Juan, P.R.

SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, 45, aiming for Middleweight Champion Joey Giardello, won a unanimous 10-round decision over Young Joe Walcott, 29, son of the former heavyweight title holder.

GOLF—Returning to the form that won the Masters Tournament in April, JACK NICKLAUS birdied three of the last four holes of the Thunderbird Golf Classic in Harrison, N.Y. for a final-round 68 and won with an 18-under-par 270, two strokes ahead of Gary Player. The victory pushed his official earnings to $89,700, top on the tour.

HARNESS RACING—In this longest race so far, the 1¼-mile Hilltop Trot at Yonkers Raceway, 4-year-old DARTMOUTH ($3.80) guided by Ralph Baldwin, easily defeated Big John by a length and Speedy Count, in third, by another 1½ lengths.

Stanley Dancer drove K. D. Owen's NOBLE VICTORY ($2.20) to a half-length win over Perfect Freight in the $25,000 Yonkers Futurity Prep Trot. It was the 16th straight victory over two seasons for the 3-year-old colt.

HORSE RACING—George D. Widener's 4-year old filly STEEPLE JILL ($9.20), ridden by John Rotne, took the 1¼-mile $123,265 Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park by 4½ lengths over Christiana Stables's Ho Ho. The favorite, Miss Cavandish, finished third, another ¾ length behind.

Three-year-old TERRY'S SECRET ($4.80), Alex Maese in the saddle, won the 1⅛ mile, $81,000 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park by 5½ lengths over Ramani, who finished second.

Undefeated NATIVE STREET ($3.60), a daughter of Native Dancer, Manuel Ycaza up, outsprinted a field of 14 other 2-year-old fillies in the six-furlong, $124,000 Sorority Stakes at New Jersey's Monmouth Park to win by six lengths over Shimmering Gold, her sister.

MOTOR SPORTS—By winning his sixth Formula 1 Grand Prix race this year in Adenau, Germany, JIM CLARK of Scotland clinched the world drivers' championship for 1965. Clark drove his Lotus Climax at an average speed of 99.79 mph for 2 hours 7 minutes 52 seconds, setting a course record on the first lap (8:36.1) and bettering it several times through the 15-lap race in his first victory on the twisting Nurburgring course.

ROWING—ST. CATHARINES ROWING CLUB outscored the Detroit Boat Club by 21½ points on the basis of three firsts and four seconds to win an unprecedented fifth straight Maple Leaf Trophy at the Royal Canadian Henley Regatta in St. Catharines, Ont. The Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia, fourth in overall scoring, took the championship eights event by 1½ lengths going away, and BILL MAHER, 19, of Detroit earned the championship single sculls title in an upset of Philadelphia's Dave Robinson of the Fairmont Rowing Association and Jeff Kreger of the Wyandotte (Mich.) Boat Club.

SWIMMING—A German freestyle relay team—HANS JOACHIM KLEIN, WERNER FREITAS, OLAF VON SCHILLING and HOLGER KRISCHKE—flew to London's Crystal Palace pool determined to set two new world records. It did. In time trials, without opposition, the Germans knocked 2.1 seconds off the mark set by an Australian team in 1962 in the 440-yard relay (3:41.8) and 2.9 seconds from their own mark set eight days earlier in the 880-yard relay (8:08.3).

TENNIS—The U.S. Davis Cuppers beat Mexico 4–1 in Dallas for the American Zone title, thereby earning a meeting with European Zone champion Spain next week (*page 18*).

The Eastern Grass Court Championships in South Orange, N.J. ended in an upset by Australian FRED STOLLE of Roy Emerson 6–3, 2–6, 6–4, 6–4, but in the women's division BILLIE JEAN MOFFITT, the top seed, did what was expected of her. Despite an injured toe, she beat Janie Albert 7–5, 6–3.

TRACK & FIELD—Weakened by assorted ailments and injuries and—perhaps—overconfidence, the U.S. men's team lost to the U.S.S.R. for the first time in seven dual meets 118–112, in Kiev. As usual, the U.S. women were defeated by the Russian women, 63½–43½. The two men's teams each won 11 events, but the Russians gained 12 second-place finishes to the Americans' eight. There was no second in the 400-meter relay since the U.S. team was disqualified (the U.S.S.R. also was disqualified in the 1,600-meter relay) when George Anderson ran out of his lane. The Americans had already lost the race, however, to the U.S.S.R. (39.3). In other upsets, the U.S.S.R.'s GENNADI BLIZNETSOV took the pole vault (16 feet 3) when runner-up Jeff Chase and John Pennel could clear only 16 feet 1 inch; PYOTR BOLOTNIKOV nipped Olympic Champion Bob Schul in the 5,000-meter run (13:54.2) and NIKOLAI DUTOV defeated teammate Leonid Ivanov in the 10,000-meter run (28:22, a meet record) as Gerry Lindgren, bothered by a bad cold, finished a weak third and Billy Mills, hampered by infected tonsils, didn't even run. The U.S.S.R. also swept the first two places in the 3,000-meter steeplechase (VIKTOR KUDINSKI, 8:31.8) the 20-kilometer walk (BORIS KHROLOVICH, 1:39:13.4), the javelin (JANIS LUSIS, 281 feet 1) the hammer throw (ROMUALD KLIM, 230 feet 10) and the high jump (VALERI BRUMEL, 7 feet 2) and won the hop-step-and-jump (ALEXANDR ZOLOTAREV, 54 feet 1¾), plus the decathlon (MIKHAIL STOROZHENKO, 7,883 points).

The U.S. finished one-two in the 100-meter dash (DAREL NEWMAN, a meet record 10.1), the 110-meter high hurdles (WILLIE DAVENPORT, 13.5), the 1,500-meter run (JIM GRELLE, a meet mark 3:39.2), and the shotput (RANDY MATSON, 66 feet 6). As expected, the U.S. also won the 200-meter dash (ADOLPH PLUMMER, 20.8), the 400-meter (OLLAN CASSELL, 45.9), the 800-meter (GEORGE GERMANN, 1:46.8, as favorite Morgan Groth pulled a muscle and finished fourth), the 400-meter hurdles (REX CAWLEY, 50.2) the 1,600-meter relay (3:05.8), and the broad jump (RALPH BOSTON, 26 feet 11¼).

In the women's division the U.S. won only three of the 10 events, and WYOMIA TYUS and EDITH McGUIRE had a foot in all of them. Miss Tyus equaled the pending world record 11.1 in winning the 100-meter dash (Miss McGuire finished second), Miss McGuire set a meet mark of 23.1 in taking the 200-meter dash (Miss Tyus came in second) and both girls ran on the winning 400-meter relay team. The only other American girls to finish better than third were 15-year-old MARIE MULDER from California, who came in second in the 800-meter run with a 2:07.3 (best ever by an American woman), and ELEANOR MONTGOMERY, who tied for second in the high jump but equaled the winning height (5 feet 8).

MILEPOSTS—PAID. For a filly by Turn-to—Cosmah at the Keeneland sales in Lexington, Ky., $140,000, by Mr. and Mrs. John M. Olin of Alton, Ill. The price was the highest ever paid at auction for a yearling Thoroughbred filly.

TAPPED. By the Army for two years duty, ROTC Lieut. TERRY DISCHINGER, the Detroit Pistons' leading player (ninth best scorer in the NBA last season) and a three-time All-Star selection.

DIED. MRS. IZAAK WALTON KILLAM, widow of a wealthy Canadian industrialist, at her home in Cap-d'Ail on the French Riviera. Mrs. Killam, a devoted Dodger fan, offered $6 million in 1956 to keep the Bums in Brooklyn. Asked if she would do the same for the New York Giants, she said, "The Giants? I wouldn't pay a nickel for them."

CREDITS

16—Stuart Smith. 17—Art Shay. 18, 19—Shel Hershorn Black Star. 20—Wil Blanche. 33, 35, 36—Walter Iooss Jr. 40—Marvin W. Schwartz Bermuda News Bureau. 46—Fred Kaplan. 66—London Daily Express Pictorial. Marcel Studio.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DEIORE RNNE WATKINSON, a WREN petty officer attached to HMS *Victory*, became the first British servicewoman ever chosen to represent Great Britain in international track competition, after she won all five of her events at the interservice championships in Uxbridge.

MIKE BARRY, 8, a member of the Bakersfield, Calif. Aqua Aces, won five gold medals in AAU age-group competition at the Bakersfield Swimming Championships. He placed first at 25 yards in freestyle, butterfly, back- and breaststrokes and anchored a sprint relay team.

MARCELYN LOUIE of San Francisco added two more national 12-years-and-under tennis titles to the five she already holds, with wins in singles and doubles of the National Boys and Girls Tournament in Chattanooga. In the singles finals she upset first-seeded Karin Benson.

PETER JOHNSON of Worcester, Mass., proclaimed by the Ratzeburg Rowing Club crew as "the best lightweight sculler of the world" after his recent successful German tour, won the senior 145-pound title at the Canadian Henley Regatta for the fourth year in a row.

RICHARD RIESNER, 20, could claim to be the best golfer in Pueblo, Colo. for the second year in a row when he again won the 90-hole City Championship on the City Park course with rounds of 67, 68, 67, 73, and 69 for a 344, 16-under on the par-72 course.

GENE BLER of Midkiff, Tex. pitched two consecutive no-hitters in Pony League play. After working all day on a nearby ranch in 100 heat he struck out 12 batters for a 4–1 win and in his next game five days later he got 13 strikeouts in a 10–0 victory.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BIG BEAT

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' *O.K., Everibody: Beat America!* (July 26) is a perfect example of the negative attitude so popular in America today. If the author feels that America is slipping in international sports, why doesn't he make some constructive suggestions instead of trying to downgrade American athletes, who are still winning a higher percentage of events in more diversified sports than any country in the world?

C. E. Cole

Beckenham, Kent, England

Sirs:

O K, Everibody: Beat America! was one of the worst articles that you have printed. O K., so maybe we are not the best in everything, but I'd like to see the Russians hit Koufax. I am aware of the fact that we are losing ground to the Australians in tennis, but what about their boxers? Even if the Germans continue to beat us in rowing, how do they do in bridge? The point I am trying to make is that we may not be the best in everything, but we are darned good.

Charles Coleman

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sirs:

According to Dan Jenkins, today's young Americans are a bunch of lazy, no-good bums. I cannot agree. I am 14, am on the football and basketball teams, play golf and tennis, make straight A's and B's in school and work during the summer. I am not speaking about me alone, but hundreds of kids in my area. Sure, there are the snob-nosed rich kids and thugs who commit crimes, but this is just a small percentage.

Phillip Virden

Garland, Texas

Sirs:

I have an opinion only about bridge, as I am close to 83 years of age. But I play bridge almost every afternoon at my club and do more than hold my own.

Walter Malowan

New York City

Sirs:

Not all sports are being dominated by foreigners. Americans have long dominated the sport of horseshoe pitching. When contestants take to the courts in Keene, N.H. this week for the World Tournament, the top 36 contestants in the finals will probably consist of 35 U.S. citizens and one Canadian. At least 12 will average over 80% ringers.

G. R. Kahle

Bartlesville, Okla.

Sirs:

If you will check the available records of every sport since 1776 I believe you will find America has a wide edge on total records held. America always will have an edge in sports.

Thomas R Carmody

Chicago

Sirs:

Isn't it a good thing that an athlete may now be born almost anywhere in the world, even in Ethiopia, and still get a chance to reach the top? And isn't it a good thing that more and more countries have world-beating athletes they can be proud of?

Jeffrey Fleece

Honolulu

Sirs:

What do you expect the U.S. to do, concentrate on a few sports and stay amateur forever just for the sake of winning every major event we enter?

Rick Howard

Malvern, Pa.

Sirs:

As an ancient oarsman (Princeton, vintage '57, lightweight at that), I would like to offer a couple of thoughts about American rowing.

First, since rowing is in many ways a science, I would suggest that permanent liaisons be established between college coaches and their university physics departments. It seems unlikely that the Germans or anyone else have yet achieved the mechanical ultimate in either equipment or methods of rowing, so there should be a lot yet to be discovered. Frankly, I would think that scientists are better equipped to begin rethinking some of the problems in rowing—*e.g.*, could greater efficiency result if the position of the oar lock, the fulcrum of the oar (lever), were moved?—than the coaches. I would hope that a far wider and more analytical use is being made of movies today than it was when I was rowing. If not, it should be.

Second, I would suggest that we break present junior varsity eights into two fours (one with, one without coxswain). American rowing, as a whole, would undoubtedly benefit if boat clubs were invited to participate in collegiate regattas with some regularity. Furthermore, it seems somewhat unrealistic for the nation's colleges to hold their championship each summer, just prior to the international season, over a three-mile course when the international distances are about a mile and a quarter.

I realize that what I am suggesting would, if adopted, upset a few traditions. But I believe the most valuable tradition, in crew or in any other sport, is one of fierce competition. Harvard and Vesper, I gather, had faced no real competition before Henley this year. We can, and should, do better than that. Now that the rest of the world has decided to play the game as seriously as we do, we may never again enjoy the comparatively effortless dominance of eight-oared rowing of years past. But there is no reason why we cannot offer the world sterner competition than we do, in eights as well as the small boats.

Anthony L. Fletcher

Brooklyn

HEARTY HORSE

Sirs:

Your mention of our Kelso Fan Club (*Rise of a New Star*, Aug. 2) was such an unexpected pleasure! I've met so many club members in person this summer and they are all nice young people—not a "Beatle type" among them! In March we presented a blanket to Kelso, and what a wonderful time we had designing and planning the blanket—and Mrs. duPont's happy tears when she saw it made us so happy! People ask us what we shall do when Kelso retires permanently. Well, we know that we shall not be as active as we have been—growing up with him—but we shall go on loving him, and on certain dates of the year let Kelly and his folks know that he is truly *horse of our hearts, forever.*

Heather Noble,
President

Alexandria, Va.

VAS IST VASSS?

Sirs:

The ZIP code was criminal, exchangeless telephone numbers were unforgivable, but the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System (*Anyone Care to Play Some VASSS?*, July 19) is the biggest disaster to hit the American scene since electric golf carts.

G. M. Heath

Franklin Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Just how do you play VASSS? You mentioned 31 points as being a set, but how many sets to a match? Do you take turns serving? At what point do you switch ends of the court, or do you?

Hawley Richeson

El Paso

● Players change service every five points, changing courts after the fifth, 15th and 25th point. In the north court the player serves first from the left side,

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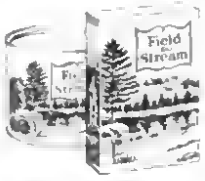

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in the south court first from the right. Players may choose to play shorter (21 points to win) games or longer (41). A match may consist of two out of three or three out of five 31-point games, but in tournaments a single 31-point match is often chosen because it takes about a half an hour.—ED.

POSITIVE PLOPPING

Sirs:

Here's a testimonial for Arnold Palmer's fine article (*The Joys of Trouble*, July 26). On the second hole A.P. (After Palmer) I pushed the ball into the right rough, where I found it up to its ankles in loose dirt. Oozing positive thinking and chimping at the challenge, I plopped a perfect wedge 10 feet from the cup and holed the putt for a par 3. It works, sport fans! I don't enjoy getting into trouble, but at least now I enjoy getting out.

JOHN E. HAMMOND

Huntsville, Ala.

Sirs:

On your cover, Arnold Palmer perfectly demonstrates a technique that I have been employing for years—*close your eyes and swing!*

C. STILES MARKLEY

Rockwell, N.C.

Sirs:

Now that you've published an article on "How to Get out of Trouble" by Arnold Palmer perhaps you would be interested in an article by me entitled "How to Get into Trouble." I must caution you that it would be of considerable length.

JACOB SIRKIN

Newark, N.Y.

Sirs:

As refreshing as a cool summer breeze! Let's have more features like this one.

DENNIS R. HENDLEY

Milwaukee

NO JOE

Sirs:

Whatever happened to that English racing greyhound you wrote about last January (*Hi Joe, Where Are You?*, Jan. 25)? Did they find him? I would appreciate it very much if you could tell me.

DAVID FABBRI

Litchfield, Conn.

● Hi Joe's trainer, Noreen Collin, who has traveled hundreds of miles in the last few months looking for her dog, shares this curiosity. She believes that Joe still lives, but she says, "Whether he is alive or dead, I would like to know what happened to him."—ED.

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